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THE INVASION OF GERMANY

Ten days have changed the whole face of the war, both at home—where the Cabinet has wisely relaxed Home Guard, fire-watching and black-out regulations—and on the Continent. A bare week ago it seemed possible that Field-Marshal Model, transferred by Hitler from Poland to exercise his proven defensive skill in the West, might succeed in rallying his predecessor's retreating armies behind the Somme and the Aisne. Events have shown that the losses suffered by the enemy in the battles south of the Seine were too heavy for even delaying actions in France or Belgium to be feasible. Advancing east and north, across the enemy's lines of retreat, Allied armoured columns have approached the Siegfried Line in the area of the Saar, captured Antwerp intact and crossed the Meuse at Namur. Never has armour been used with greater daring and skill to throw a defeated enemy's ranks into confusion. Hard put to it to extricate his depleted Panzer and S.S. divisions, Model has had to abandon much of his remaining infantry; he will doubtless try to make a temporary stand on the Siegfried Line, but he can hardly hope now to save the Reich provinces west of the Rhine from early invasion.

What resistance can be expected on the Rhine itself? There cannot be any considerable number of fresh enemy divisions available to man the river line across which Napoleon marched to Ulm in early September, 139 years ago. Troops from Finland and Norway could not reach Cologne in strength for many weeks; and it would take still longer to gather reinforcements by evacuating the Balkans. Denmark must be garrisoned if only to protect the homeward route of the army in Norway; Kesselring's score of divisions in Italy are facing an Allied offensive which threatens to cut them off from the Brenner; and, in the East, every division is needed if the Red Army—prime architect of Allied victories—is to be held, even for a few weeks, off German soil. For the defence of a line from Emden to Basle—a front which might well require the better part of a hundred divisions—Model must rely substantially on the beaten remnants of the sixty divisions which originally held France and Belgium; and the present strength of the extricated forces can hardly be put higher than the equivalent of a dozen divisions when all the groups now isolated between the Rhine and the Channel are written off. To these forces Himmler will doubtless add a number of improvised, lightly armed S.S. divisions, and regiments formed by a final comb-out of reservists, administrative personnel and semi-trained recruits. Even so, the numbers quickly available for the defence of the Rhine—to say nothing of the difficulty of replacing lost weapons and equipment—are patently inadequate.

In these circumstances it may be that organised military resistance in the West will collapse rapidly, and that General Eisenhower can strike deep into the Reich while his present whirlwind advance maintains its impetus. We should be sanguine to count too confidently on such a hypothesis; the Allies, as well as the enemy, have their problems. At present, two whole army groups have to be sustained through Cherbourg and the artificial harbours contrived in Calvados. Playing for time in which to re-group forces for the final defence of the Reich, Model has clearly ordered the garrisons of the Brittany ports to hold out to the last cartridge; and, though Dieppe has fallen, Havre and the Channel ports will doubtless be defended stubbornly by "suicide" groups, and will finally be wrecked by wholesale demolition. Moreover, Antwerp is useless without command of the Scheldt estuary. To have reached the German frontier with supply lines stretched from existing bases is an astonishing achievement; ampler and more accessible port facilities would clearly be needed, together with rail-heads some way into France, before large forces—*if large forces were, in fact, required*—could be maintained in the Rhineland.

This, then, is the crux of the immediate question. Will the Allies have to deal only with the limited numbers of regular armed forces—some fanatical, the majority dispirited and demoralised—which Model has under his command? Or will they have to deploy the much greater strength which will be necessary before they can begin the invasion of a Germany prepared to wage a "total" defensive war by *levèe en masse* and scorched earth? Even at this stage the Allies themselves can do much to determine the answer. German propaganda for home consumption is now geared to a single theme: "Defeat means death and destruction at Allied hands; every man, woman and child must face the enemy, arms in hand; Germany must be turned into a desert in the invaders' path." On grounds of strictly military advantage General Eisenhower should take steps to counter this argument.

With armies embattled on the Reich's frontiers, it is irrelevant now to debate the question whether publication of Allied peace terms might not have created before this in Germany a movement against the regime, wider-based and more effective than the futile "Generals' Putsch." The sterile demand for "unconditional surrender" stands; and, since we cannot expect Hitler to capitulate or the Party to be overthrown from within, this means that Nazism will have to be eradicated from Germany by Allied surgery. That is, the existing German Government must be ousted by force of arms and replaced temporarily by an Allied military administration. The task of that administration will be enormously complicated—to say nothing of the cost in Allied casualties—if we have to bomb and fight our way to Berlin against mass resistance, and (still more) if our soldiers have to garrison a waste in which men live like beasts. Yet we run that risk unless we persuade Germans that our intention is to occupy and administer Germany, not to "exterminate" the German people.

The very last thing the Allies can want is to find themselves occupying a Germany which has not surrendered and which is reduced to chaos, intensified by a body of fanatical Nazi gunmen. Those who occupy a country have to see that it is fed and properly administered, and in that task they must find, as the Germans know well enough after attempting to suppress nationalities by force, at least a section of the people who will co-operate with their conquerors. Holding a wolf by the ears is not a good position to maintain. We shall find the most trustworthy future administrators of Germany among the working-classes, and we should do well to say so.

Behind the Victors

As they advance, the Allied armies leave in their train many knotty problems, political as well as administrative. In some respects the difficulties to be overcome are common to both France and Belgium. In both countries imports of food are urgently needed to feed the population of the capital. Both countries have to deal with their "collaborationists" and more positive quislings —in France, Darnand's *milice;* in Belgium, Degrelle's Walloon Rexists (reported mostly to have fled to Germany) and the Flemish Nazis organised in "V.N.V." and Van de Wiele's "Devlag" group. Re-installed in Paris, the French Provisional Government has still to widen its basis so as to give adequate representation to the Resistance Movement. The Belgian Government has to decide, when it can sound popular feelings, how to act in the matter of King Leopold's debatable personal position. (The principle of monarchy in Belgium is in itself not controversial.) Finally, both Governments will have to face the problem—less intractable, probably, in Belgium than in France—of controlling, and so far as possible disarming, Maquisards who made common cause against the enemy, but who are politically not homogeneous enough to be lightly left with weapons in their hands.

The Finns' "Cease Fire"

While the Red Army is battling for positions from which to launch its final assault on the Reich, Germany's eastern Satellites are falling away, one after the other. This time, after several feints and vacillations, the Finns' surrender is genuine. Diplomatic relations have been broken off and the Finnish Minister withdrawn from Berlin. Notice was given to the German troops that they must withdraw before September 15th; if they do not go freely, the Finns will disarm and intern them, if need be with Russian help. After these preliminaries, the "cease fire" was sounded on Monday morning on all fronts. Since the Finns have now proved their good faith, it is probable that an armistice will be rapidly negotiated in Moscow on the lines laid down, some months ago, by the Russians. Neither in this case nor in that of Rumania does Stalin insist on unconditional surrender. With typical tactlessness Mr. Hackzell, the Premier, has appealed to the Germans to "go quietly," so as to preserve the friendship of the two peoples in the future. It seems that the German troops are already quitting, by way of the far north of Norway. The Swedes by feeding the Finns are helping them to become independent of German supplies.

The Shortest War?

By its sudden declaration of war, the U.S.S.R. has taken a short and decisive way to end Bulgarian equivocations. While the Bulgarian armistice delegation in Cairo awaited instructions, and the new Prime Minister, Mr. Muraviev, clung to "strict neutrality" as the basis of his foreign policy, German troops under arms were still sheltering in Bulgaria; the Bulgars had not begun to "work their passage home." By his effective stroke of political warfare, Stalin gains much. The Germans in Bulgaria will be rounded up, and Sofia will be finally purged of German influences. The Red Army will have the use of roads and railways south of the Danube for its march (already in full swing north of the river) on Belgrade. And in the shaping of the peace terms which will finally be imposed on Bulgaria, Russia—now juridically a belligerent, like Britain and the U.S.A.—will have the right to a full say.

The Prospects for Greece

The Greek coalition Ministry has weathered a heavy storm caused by the resignation of M. Venizelos and two other Liberals, who believe that in conversations with Mr. Churchill, M. Papandreou gave undertakings which the Cabinet had not sanctioned. In spite of this, the representatives of E.A.M. have taken up the places assigned to them in the Cabinet. It is obvious that the moment for the liberation of Greece is at hand and E.A.M. must feel it to be essential that its Partisans should play the part that duly belongs to them in the national forces which will soon replace the German garrison. But the prospect of a smooth political settlement is still doubtful, so long as the fear remains that Mr. Churchill and M. Papandreou may together intend a manoeuvre to establish the king on Greek soil, with British bayonets and destroyers to back him. In the Peloponnese and Crete the withdrawal of the German Army has begun. Their mechanised troops may be able to get away, but the main body of garrison troops will probably be trapped.

Industrial Priorities

The battle for post-war priorities is opening already. On the industrial front we have Sir Miles Thomas, of the Nuffield Organisation, complaining that if sheet steel is to be used to build any large number of Portal temporary houses there will not be enough left for making motor cars, either for export or for the home market. This is only one example of the scramble for essential materials which is beginning behind the scenes, and is already much more in the open in the United States. Building lies, of course, right at the heart of the problem for this country. There is bound to be a serious shortage of timber until large imports can be brought in from the Baltic as well as from Canada. Home-grown supplies have already been depleted much more seriously than in the last war; and they are mostly of inferior quality and not suitable for buildings that are meant to last. It will come as a surprise to many people to realise that there will be a shortage of steel as well as of wood; but the problem in this case is not of total shortage, but of the limited capacity of the sheet steel plants, which have to meet the needs of the tinplate and other industries in addition to those of the motor industry and of the Portal housing programme. The Government has indicated its desire to give high priority to motor cars meant for export; but little has yet been done towards designing new models. Arguments about the form of motor taxation are still holding up post-war design. Meanwhile, the Board of Trade is being inundated with demands from large and small producers in many trades who want to get started on post-war production ahead of their rivals; and it is clear that only a well-thought-out programme of priorities will prevent a great muddle.

Social Priority

Social as well as industrial priorities are in question. The hang-up of town and country planning because of the dissatisfaction with the recent White Paper is having most unfortunate results; and Mr. Willink has only just been able to announce that the Government hopes very soon to produce its White Paper dealing with the reorganisation of Local Government and local government finance. Until these two groups of questions have been settled, and the necessary legislation passed, it is impossible for any real physical planning to be even begun. This, in turn, affects the building programme—for example, in relation to the date for raising the school-leaving age. Mr. Butler announced last week-end that the raising of the age would not be put off for one moment longer than was absolutely necessary; but this "necessity" depends very largely on the priority which Mr. Butler is able to persuade the Cabinet to give to educational building and to the demobilisation of school-teachers now in the Forces and to prospective teachers who will need a period of training before they can get to work. There will also have to be quick legislation on the Beveridge social service proposals on which the long-promised White Paper is still to seek. In fine, the cessation of fighting in Europe seems certain to catch the Government utterly unready and to confront the parties of the Left with the awkward dilemma of having either to accept reactionary proposals or to stand accused of holding up action on urgent matters. This suits the Tories very well; they are hoping to rush the country into acceptance projects which would be rejected with contum if there were time to consider them properly.

Bananas

It will be unfortunate if the war affords t United Fruit Company the chance to wipe o the only banana company which breaks monopoly in South America and the Caribbe The Jamaica Producers' Association started a growers' co-operative, formed to save the i dependent producers from bankruptcy. Unite Fruit refused to deal with them at all. When became a marketing company, with its own ship and when a British Royal Commission took hand, an agreement was reached by which a sli ing scale of prices was paid to Jamaica grower based upon the London market price. Th agreement was denounced by United Fruit on th outbreak of war. At the same time, the Ass ciation's ships were commandeered, and t Jamaica growers, most of whom are peasa farmers, were faced with ruin. Since 1940 t British Government has bought their output at price which does not mean a living—3s. 6d. p stem, and a stem costs 4s. to grow—but whi made it worth while for the growers to keep the plantations going. On August 20th a hurrica destroyed the Jamaican banana groves. No unless they are helped, the small men cann possibly replant and wait the year and a half t the new plants produce. We hope that t Treasury will be generous and give the mone to the Jamaica growers as a gift.

The Treatment of Crime

"When Dame Ethel Smyth was asked wh she had found most objectionable in her exper ence of Holloway Prison she gave the brief b comprehensive reply, 'Couldn't get out'." M Herbert Morrison quoted this memorable com ment in the course of his speech to the new appointed Advisory Council on the Treatment Offenders. It illustrated one of the main poin of a speech that was full of common sense. Th value of prison is in the fear people have of goi there for the first time. Brutal conditions insi prison do not deter, but tend to dehumanise t prisoner and make him an habitual criminal. M Morrison has taken a most welcome step appointing a body of experienced but not exc sively "expert" persons to act as a standi committee to give advice on the appropriate wa of dealing with various kinds of delinquency, a of bringing to bear in the treatment of prisone the mass of genuine knowledge of criminolo that exists to-day. We note with pleasure th he hopes to be able to revive the most importa parts of Sir Samuel Hoare's penal reform measu which the war prevented from reaching t Statute Book.

Economic Black-Out

The war has now reached a phase in whi there can be no conceivable need to conceal fro the enemy details of Britain's economic positio Yet if an enlightened public opinion is to ta shape in relation to problems and possibilities reconstruction and the switch-over from war peace conditions in industry, it is of great impor ance that as many relevant facts as possible shou be available for study. For example, it is know that, excluding lend-lease shipments, the exp trade of the U.S.A. is to-day greater in volu than in 1938. What is the position of Britis exports other than shipments not sold for money The public is sublimely ignorant of the answ and it is equally in the dark as to the volume our available shipping tonnage and the output our key industries. We would plead for t resumption of publication forthwith of the ma statistical returns (suppressed in 1939 for reaso of "security") in whose absence no picture British economy can be obtained.

The New Constituencies

When Parliament meets in a fortnight's ti the second reading of Mr. Morrison's Bill for t distribution of Parliamentary seats is likely to little more than a routine affair. It is an adequate Bill, but that was inevitable after the eaker's Conference had reached inadequate nclusions. When most of the controversial oposals were either shelved or voted down, only o serious changes were possible: one, the vision of excessively large constituencies, was avoidable, and the other, the establishment of ur permanent Boundary Commissions, was mmon sense. The Bill lists twenty constituencies with an electorate exceeding 100,000. hese are to be sub-divided to form a further enty-five, thus temporarily increasing the embership of the House. The Boundary Commissions, when their immediate job is completed, ll remain to advise on further adjustments when y consider these to be desirable. This should effectively prevent a recurrence of the present situation where two M.P.s at least have each represented over two hundred thousand electors. In future, growing divisions will be revised before they reach such a fantastic size. Of the constituencies now to be divided, fourteen are suburban or satellite areas of London. A high proportion of them are middle- and lower-middle class districts which will demand intensive activity if they are not to become new Tory strongholds. For the moment, the undersized constituencies in London, like Southwark, which are generally Labour, have been left alone. But doubtless their turn will come. By that time it may be necessary to raise once more some of the anomalies and weaknesses of our representative system which the Tory majority in the Speaker's Conference saw fit to smother.

THE POLISH RIFT

IVE years ago the war that is moving on swift ngs to victory began with Hitler's invasion of oland. And just as for geographic reasons oland was the occasion of war in 1939, so only o clearly she may remain a constantly irritating ctor preventing peace and making for a third orld war. Unless we find a solution of the olish problem that is honestly acceptable, it is rd to see how friendship between the Soviet nion and the West can be maintained, and ithout that friendship everyone knows that the ance of preventing a third world war is slight. he Polish problem casts a long shadow over the wn of victory.

There are two attitudes to this problem that em to us harmful. The first is that of ose who dislike the Soviet Union on principle, ligious or political. Every anti-Soviet story is peated and exploited; political consequences e forgotten in the savage joy of propaganda. milarly it is of no service to us or to the Soviet nion to adopt the attitude of the *Daily Worker*, hich scents an anti-Soviet intrigue in every word criticism of the Soviet Union. To steer a aight course in this sea of emotion is not easy. his journal has experienced some difficulty in ying to do so. Recently we engaged, we believe mutual advantage, in a controversy over regional deration with *Izvestia*, and we have strongly jected to some of the extraordinary territorial justments said to be sponsored by the U.S.S.R. perience of the West has given Stalin plenty reason for suspicion when high-sounding moral inciples are used as a basis for criticism of ussia. Yet it is of the very first importance, as said recently, that the Soviet Union should be ade to realise that certain basic conceptions of dividual and group freedom are sincerely and eply held in this country. They are applied by large section of the democracies of the West to eir own, and not only to their neighbour's, licies; and protests based on these principles e not to be written off as examples of Anglo-xon hypocrisy. The right and the only way, is state frankly the principles and interests which em to us important, even when they conflict th those of the Soviet Union. Only on this sis of candour is there a probability of genuine reement with Stalin; he respects realism and ndour, and suspects both sycophancy and old-rld diplomacy.

When from these general considerations we rn to the present dangerous and tragic phase the Polish tangle we are at once reminded that ere lies behind it a long history of bitterness and ong-doing. How far back are we to go? To e days of a ramshackle Polish Empire that, as me modern Polish imperialists like to remind us, ce stretched from the Baltic to Odessa on the ack Sea? Or are we to go back to the par-ions of Poland in the 18th century? More sonably, we can recall the inexcusable invasion Russia by Pilsudski in 1920, the counter-attack hich took the Red Army to the gates of Warsaw, d the almost indifferent willingness of Lenin in Russia's period of weakness to allow the Poles to absorb territories judged by Lord Curzon and others to be ethnographically Russian. We recall as the next phase that the Soviet Union took back these territories in 1939 as part of her preparation for defence against Hitler's only too probable invasion of the U.S.S.R. Criticism here fastens not on Russia's desire to regain territory east of the Curzon line, but on the wholesale policy of deportation whereby, it seems to us, Russia lost a great opportunity of reconciling many Poles who were as a consequence irreconcilably alienated.

It is not profitable to pursue the story of the formation of the Polish Army in Russia as a result of the statesmanlike agreement between Sikorski and Stalin. This army would not fight in union with the Red Army, and eventually, by a circuitous route it found its way to other battlefronts, its leaders openly boasting of the day when they would fight the U.S.S.R. as well as the Germans. In this view Polish officers were encouraged by the more intransigent members of the exiled Poles in London and Washington. They used their opportunity to undermine the alliance of the West with the U.S.S.R., and employed for anti-Soviet propaganda, and even for supporting anti-Roosevelt candidates, money given them to aid the Polish patriots. All this has been exposed in Congress and in various British and American newspapers.

This brings us to the recent negotiations in which the hopeful factors were, on the one hand, the appreciation by Mikolajczyk and the more reasonable Poles that an agreement with Moscow was essential to their future, and that no agreement was possible as long as Sosnkowski remained Commander-in-Chief, and, on the other hand, the clear desire of Stalin, if only for reasons of Russia's security and the need of friendship with the West, to achieve an independent Poland with a government that would not be hostile to the U.S.S.R. It was when Mikolajczyk was in Moscow that a large-scale rising began in Warsaw. The outcome was unspeakably tragic. When this rising began the Russians were near to Warsaw, and the wording of their wireless propaganda shows that they hoped shortly to liberate it. The Russians have throughout the war been lavish in their appeals to partisans to rise against the Germans, and the pretence that they were opposed to any rising in Warsaw is disingenuous. But those Moscow appeals were not the occasion of the rising on August 1st. This was a Polish plan, fixed for a date that was not communicated to London or Moscow. (Mikolajczyk in his statement to the press last week made no claim that the date of this rising was known in Moscow, until on July 31st, the night before it began, he communicated it to Molotov.) Even this, however, would not have mattered had Russia's own offensive plans gone smoothly. Unfortunately the Red Army suffered a serious defeat (which it would have been wise to admit), and the unfortunate Polish patriots (both pro- and anti-Soviet) were left to fight a hopeless battle against a ruthless enemy who had no scruple in turning Warsaw into a desert.

A second controversy, even more charged with tragic emotion, has arisen out of Warsaw's misery. We have no doubt that British and American generals shared the opinion of General Zymierski, the leader of the pro-Soviet Polish patriots, when he said that war material dropped into Warsaw would mainly fall into the hands of the enemy. It was not even, as he said, as if a large section of the town were held by the insurgents and the rest by the Germans. There was confused fighting all over the city. To send supplies by air was therefore a question of psychological rather than of physical warfare; it might be a good thing to do for the encouragement it gave, and the gesture might well be worth while as a proof of our desire to help. That was the view taken in Britain and in America. Bombers were sent on a long and dangerous flight from Italy; their losses were heavy. Russia refused American requests to use Russian bases to aid Warsaw. We have little doubt that the decision was militarily justified; that it was politically foolish we are equally sure. The Russians are not romantic in their attitude to war, and in eschewing romance they are apt to fall into the opposite error of a short-sighted toughness. Their military judgment, however, was no doubt in this case reinforced by their dislike of giving aid to General Bor, who was already broadcasting his intentions of fighting "to the last man" for Vilna and Lvov.

We have repeated these facts, with as much accuracy and impartiality as possible, because unless the facts are understood, emotions are ungovernable. What is the hope now? First we trust that Mikolajczyk will find support, both from his colleagues and from Mr. Churchill, in taking a firm stand against General Sosnkowski, whose fanaticism has now gone to final and impossible lengths. Instead of expressing gratitude for a quixotic attempt by the Western Allies to aid Warsaw, he denounces the Allied Command under which he is serving for not risking a larger number of aeroplanes. We hope as a result that the Allies will be honest about the activities of the Polish Commander-in-Chief, whose instructions to the Polish patriots have in the last year become increasingly directed to a future war with Russia rather than to active resistance to the Germans. If Sosnkowski goes and Mikolajczyk remains, there will be a new hope of peace. Clearly, a settlement with Moscow is impossible if so violent an enemy of Russia remains in charge of Polish forces. Secondly, the Polish Government must unambiguously accept the Curzon line as the basis of settlement—there may be details for subsequent discussion. Its constant hedging on this issue, in spite of the clear advice and public pronouncements of their Western Allies, confirms Moscow's suspicions of its good faith. Thirdly, if the Polish Government in London is to have a share in the future of Poland, it must agree to co-operate with the National Committee of Liberation, which every day takes over the actual administration of new Polish territory as it is freed by the Red Army.

These three issues are all matters on which the influence of the Foreign Office can be well used in the interests of agreement with Moscow. We do not despair of agreement, for we believe that Stalin fully appreciates the paramount importance of an amicable settlement in Poland. He may be prepared for what will seem to Russians unreasonable lengths of compromise in order to prevent the tragedy of a Polish settlement that is not genuinely agreed to by his Allies. The facts about the future of Poland are not in doubt; Poland, in any case, will have a government of people who are on the spot and who are friendly to the Soviet Union. Russian armies will have liberated Poland and will be in joint occupation of Germany. But if this is a decision of fact and power and not of compromise and agreement, we shall begin a period after the war with a cancer of resentment that will undermine the hopes of world agreement and world peace.

BRITAIN FOR THE PEOPLE

MR. HARRY POLLITT has sent yet another letter to the Labour Party, urging this time, not the immediate affiliation of his party, but an electoral agreement and common political action to ensure that the next General Election breaks the Tory grip. This step is in keeping both with the policy statement which the Communist Party has now issued to its members in preparation for its forthcoming Congress and with a recent document, *Britain for the People*. This contains the C.P.'s proposals for post-war policy and an invitation for comment not only from its own members, but also from all other representatives of "progressive" or "democratic" tendencies. The declared basis of its policy is to draw up a programme on which "all progressive sections of the nation can agree and unite" for purposes of immediate action. Its proposals must be read in the light of this objective. The Communist Party, it is to be presumed, is here stating not what it would like or what it aims at in the long run, but what it believes can be got in the short run if the progressive forces of the nation act together—but not otherwise.

It is to be noted, in the first place, that these "progressive forces" are nowhere clearly defined. That they include all sections of the Labour and Co-operative movements is explicitly said; but neither the Liberal Party nor Common Wealth is mentioned by name. This makes the Communist Party's proposal primarily, though not necessarily exclusively, an appeal for working-class unity. Perhaps what is meant is that, if only the working-class forces can get solidly together, any other groups that are worth having are not likely to find difficulty in joining the coalition. With one important proviso that is probably true. It would prove true only if the united working-class were not led in the spirit of working-class exclusiveness, but were open to anyone, or to any group prepared to join it on the basis of its agreed common programme.

The main part of the Communist Party's statement is an attempt to state the essentials of such a programme. By far the greater part of it consists of proposals to which most members of the Labour Party, of the Co-operative Party, or of Common Wealth would certainly assent. Members of the I.L.P. might have more qualms, but only because the proposals are too moderate and too un-class-warlike to suit their taste. The Liberal Party, as a party, would certainly not agree, because Socialism is assumed throughout as the goal to be aimed at; but many individual Liberals would assent to a large part of what is proposed. "Progressive Conservatives" of the Tory Reform Group would agree to much less, because the background of the plan as a whole, when it is not Socialistic, is based on the Liberal tradition, out of which, in Great Britain far more than in other countries, Socialism has developed. But even the "Progressive Tories" would find a good deal with which they could agree, especially in respect of the social services, economic planning, the encouragement of agriculture, and full employment.

The Communist Party's proposals should, however, be considered in the first instance, mainly as a bid for unity with the Labour Party and its ally, the Co-operative Party. How far do they provide a possible basis for such unity? In relation to home affairs, there is at most points very little difference between the Labour and the Communist programme. Both are based on the assumption that it is not desirable immediately to aim at complete Socialism. Both pick out for immediate socialisation much the same sectors of the capitalist economy—fuel and power, transport, the land, high finance. The C.P. provides larger scope than the Labour Party for municipal, as against national, public enterprise, and, in the sphere of trade, gives fuller recognition than the Labour Party to the claims and interests of the Co-operative Movement. There is a great deal to be said for leaving as much as possible to municipal rather than national administration and for leaving as many as possible of the smaller operators in possession even in industries and services which are to be brought predominantly under public ownership. There is also a strong case for doing everything possible to widen the sphere of Co-operative enterprise and for making the common programme one which offers the Co-operative Movement the prospect of greatly expanded activities in those sectors of the economy which can best be administered closely under the consumers' eyes. Where socialisation is deemed inappropriate, both the Labour Party and the Communist Party stand for "control" in accordance with the requirements of a general economic plan designed to ensure the highest possible production on a basis of guaranteed full employment. There is no serious dissent here. Both parties stress the need for superseding the "economics of scarcity" by the "economics of plenty," for strict control of monopoly practices and over the prices of essential goods, for the public determination of investment policy, and for measures designed to maintain a high level of agricultural output.

So far, there are no serious obstacles to unity. In their home proposals there is only one vital difference. The Communist Party, as a minority group struggling to establish its position, wants Proportional Representation: the Labour Party, as an established party of the Left, trying to keep out interlopers, is against it. This would probably prove a troublesome difference if it came to negotiating a pact. Indeed, the Labour Party's reasons for opposing P.R. are closely connected with its reasons for unwillingness to enter into any sort of electoral alliance. The Labour Party aims at being the only pebble on the democratic beach; but P.R. is undoubtedly an attritive force on the solidarity of major parties.

In the realm of international affairs, the differences are much more marked; but they are serious only at one point. The Communist Party says much the same things as the Labour Party about the Colonies and Dominions; but it takes its stand squarely on the issue of Indian independence, not merely in the long run, but as an immediate presupposition of any acceptable settlement of Far Eastern affairs. The Labour Party has said nothing much about India just lately; but its record does not suggest that, whatever may be true of the rank and file, its leaders are yet ready to take up such a stand.

The general conclusion is that, to the extent to which programmes can be taken at face value, there are no insuperable obstacles, in terms of programme, to agreement between the Labour, Co-operative and Communist Parties. The real difficulties, of course, go much deeper. The first of these is that the leaders of the Labour Party (including for this purpose the Co-operative Party) do not believe that the new Communist programme can be taken at its face value; the second, no less important in practice, is that the Labour Party regards itself as *the* working-class party, and is not at present prepared to recognise any rivals in this field.

This latter attitude is more than mere dog-in-the-mangerism. The Labour Party fears that if it recognised the Communist Party as its partner in a working-class coalition, it would be faced with the claim that the subscriptions of Trade Unionists who are Communists should go to the C.P. rather than to the Labour Party, and there would be a tussle inside every Trade Union over this question. We should judge that there is little immediate prospect of such an unrealistic demand. But recognition of the C.P. as an ally might forfeit for the Labour Party its present vantage position in many other respects. It would greatly facilitate Communist recruiting among Labour Party supporters, and it would make it more difficult for Labour to secure an independent majority.

Such a majority the Labour Party is explicitly aiming at. If it stood a reasonably good chance of achieving its aim in the immediate future there would be no more to be said. But does it? And, if it does not, can we (the progressive elements in the country) afford to run the risk of a continuance of Tory supremacy during the critical post-war years while the Labour Party is waging war on two fronts—as an opposition against a Tory Government, and against its rivals for working-class and other progressive support? Many of us feel that the Labour Party's chances of an early independent majority are not good, and that the risk of continued Tory supremacy is too great to be run if there is any way of avoiding it.

What then? The obvious answer would be for the Labour Party, by a formal act of invitation, to open its ranks to all who are prepared to join it on the basis of its declared objectives, and for it at the same time to call upon the Communist Party, Common Wealth, the I.L.P. and any other bodies concerned, if not to dissolve, to renounce their separate Parliamentary activities and combine their entire Parliamentary effort under the auspices of the Labour Party and subject to its constitutional procedure.

This would be the obviously right answer but for one thing. That thing is the first of the two obstacles to unity mentioned earlier. The leaders of the Labour Party do not believe in the Communist Party's *bona fides*. They argue that the Communists might at any moment stab them in the back as, under orders from Moscow, they divided the anti-Fascist front in 1939, and as, their record shows, they have always been ready to turn against any ally at the behest of the Third International. That this body has now been dissolved makes, it is argued, no real difference, for Moscow can call on its followers throughout the world as well without as with it.

That there is truth in this no one except a Communist will deny. But how relevant a truth is it, to what ought to be done now? Its relevance rests on the assumption that Moscow may at any time wish again to give the British Communists orders which amount to a betrayal of the causes for which Labour stands. But is this likely? Is it not much more relevant to-day that the hopes of a tolerable world settlement, as well as the hope of Socialism, rest on success in sustaining a community of policy and practice between the Soviet Union and the democratic forces in Great Britain, and that a British Labour Party which found itself at loggerheads with the Soviet Union would, in the changed picture of world affairs, have no chance at all of forming a successful Government or of carrying through a progressive or Socialist policy either abroad or at home?

This surely is the most relevant consideration, and it is worth taking a risk in order to get a solid and united relation between the democratic forces in this country and the Soviet Union. The risk of throwing the Labour Party open to all who accept its policy, including the Communists, is well worth taking, and is a policy greatly to be preferred to attempting to achieve a coalition of working-class parties. It should be done in such a way as to bring in, not only the Communists, but also Common Wealth, and to appeal not only to adherents of them and other organised parties but also to the great mass of the unattached who are vaguely "of the Left," but have not been attracted into any particular party or group. It should set out to do again, in the circumstances appropriate to 1944, what Arthur Henderson and Sidney Webb set out to do during the last war, when they remade the Labour Party as the inclusive party of "the workers by hand and brain." The Labour Party has narrowed itself again since then, and has reverted towards a mainly Trade Union Party, as which it cannot hope to conquer the country. The time has come for a new widening of the road; and to-day no expansion is possible that does not take in Communists as well as converts from the Tory and Liberal camps and uncommitted new voters who will rally most readily to an inclusive grouping of the Left.

A LONDON DIARY

D like to be Minister of Food or President of e Board of Trade when Germany is defeated. d make a great austere speech, reminding people at Japan also has to be beaten, that there is a orld shortage of everything, that the change- ver to peace production will take time, that urope needs food and clothing more than we o, that coupons must remain and austerity con- nue. Then when the *Express* denounced me d all the Liberal and Labour moralists pplauded, I'd announce an extra pair of stockings r every woman, a larger butter ration and more zor blades. I'd let a new mercy fall on some rge and influential section of the electorate ery week; soon the *Express* would love me and e moralists would have no cause for complaint. d be a regular Father Christmas beloved by all d as safe for office in the next Government as ather Christmas would be if he were available. nd, oddly, by insisting on keeping the Controls d then relaxing the restrictions wherever pos- ble, I'd be doing the right and popular thing.

* * *

This policy of keeping the Controls, but enlarg- g services and releasing more commodities, is e line I should favour if I were Mr. Dalton or ol. Llewellyn. But if I were a dried-in-the- oad Tory, who wanted to get back to private nterprise at all costs, I should maintain the ex- eme note of austerity. I should refuse any oncessions; I should deeply regret the Govern- ent's weakness in giving the Home Guard a rest efore the next war; I should insist that we could ot afford the expense of lighted streets; I should ernly refuse appeals to increase the paper allow- nce, which prevents thoughtful new books being ublished, classics from being republished, and litzed books from being reprinted; I should insist n the danger of allowing serious periodicals nough paper properly to present post-war sues to the public. I would not allow ore petrol to relieve the fantastic strain n country buses; I would see that train rvices got worse, and I would test the brittle mpers of taxi drivers to breaking point. Above l, I should insist that bricklayers and coal-miners ere essential for the occupation of Germany. hen I should be very hopeful indeed that the ood of wrath which would sweep away the overnment would also sweep away all socially ise Controls, and that I should regain the right to ck workers when I wanted to, invest my money bogus concerns, and get down to the solid work making profit out of the needs and aspirations a long-suffering public.

* * *

News has just reached this country that 600 panese were captured alive at Saipan. This is unique and possibly a significant event in the ar Eastern war. We may hope that it means a ange in Japanese psychology. The Japanese, e all know, fight fanatically, but few people are ware that until this Saipan incident the average umber of prisoners taken when a Japanese ivision of, say, 10,000 men, has been destroyed only 11. I'm told that until recently no single panese officer surrendered. We hear of mericans returning from this island warfare, ysically sickened by the slaughter that they uld not avoid carrying out. As long as a group Japanese possess a knife or a hand grenade mong them they will not surrender though they e outnumbered by ten to one. If 5,000 are left a captured island, American soldiers are forced ther to kill them individually or to blockade the land and pass on. The second procedure may actually the worse, since, left on the island, e Japanese starve to death and with them all e unfortunate aborigines. When occasionally panese are captured alive, they are as lost as ts that have lost their heap. They seem in- pable of an independence and remain alive in kind of limbo. They regard themselves as ving forfeited life and believe that their wives d children will be thrown out to starve in Japan if it is known that they have surrendered. And yet the same soldiers report that it is quite wrong to regard these Japanese soldiers as "inhuman." They are capable of incredible barbarities, as they showed at Nanking and elsewhere in China; they can behave with a callous cruelty towards prisoners which is as terrible as the behaviour of the Nazis in Eastern Europe. Yet when they are wounded and dying they will cry like children and show that they are, in fact, nothing but simple peasants, kindly and decent enough within their proper environment. They could as easily have been turned into pacifists or internationalists, but, in fact, like German soldiers, they have been caught, drilled, bullied, pithed and propagandised until they act exactly like the robots of Capek's play or the "conditioned" population in Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World.*

* * *

The Argentinos seem an ungrateful people. A few weeks ago the Farrell administration saw fit to abolish its press censorship. Of course, nobody was so indiscreet as to use the opportunity to make open attacks on this Fascist regime. But many of the newspapers have been so obviously and publicly delighted about events in Europe, especially about the liberation of Paris, that the comparison seemed too pointed for the touchy generals. These papers did not seem to appreciate that the censorship had been lifted so they could give free expression to their unqualified support for Argentina's heroic stand against democracy in the Western Hemisphere. They presumably thought that the majority of their readers were more interested in the triumphs of democracy. Is this dictatorship feeling shaky, too?

* * *

Some weeks ago we published an article dealing with the case of George Elphick, who had served a number of terms of imprisonment for the same offence—refusal of fire-watching. I am glad to hear that when he came up recently for the ninth time the Chairman of the Lewes Bench told Elphick that, though he thoroughly abominated his opinions, he was definitely tired of seeing him there, dismissed him with a nominal fine of £1, and gave him a broad hint that that would be the end of it. That sounds to me like common sense. I wish the Ministry of Labour could find it in their heart to be equally sensible about Roy Walker. He is one of the intractable school of pacifists, who will have nothing to do with any form of State compulsion, even when it masquerades under the contemporary euphemism of State "direction." He has already been to prison for two periods of six months, where, refusing compulsory labour, he lived on bread and water for three months, and in solitary confinement during twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four for the full six months. Now he is being prosecuted again for refusing to obey a direction requiring him to take up land-work. Instead, Walker has been working for the Food Relief Campaign, whose object is described as the collecting and making available to the public of information on food conditions in Europe and the possibilities of controlled relief. I cannot see what anyone expects to gain by harrying him. After the last war we were all heartily ashamed of the cat-and-mouse policy under which a man was repeatedly sentenced for the same offence. We have promised through the mouths of two Prime Ministers not to repeat it this time, and on the whole we have kept our promise pretty well. The war is nearing its end. Cannot the Ministry of Labour, instead of sending this resolute man to rot in prison for another six months, follow the example of the Chairman of the Lewes Bench?

* * *

A Paris dispatch from S. L. Solon, of the *News Chronicle*, on August 29 said that high on the list of Parisian miracles was an agreement among Paris thieves and burglars to take a holiday until the situation quietened down, so as not to add to the difficulties of the police. The police went on strike on August 15, and for more than a week during the fighting for public buildings there were none on traffic control, civil security, etc. "Yet during those days civil crime was almost non-existent in Paris." Solon stopped a "picturesque but self-admittedly dubious character" and asked him about it. "But, monsieur," he replied, "we, too, are fighting the Boche. There will be time enough to return to work." This calls to mind that the London police were on strike in August, 1918, when the air was thick with rumours about an imminent end to the war. And I have it on good authority not only that the burglars and the smash-and-grab men observed a truce, but that the police strikers noted with surprise and mortification that the traffic on the roads sorted itself out (there were then no automatic signals) smoothly and amicably, while drivers of vehicles strove to out-do each other in solicitude and self-abnegation during a few happy days of decorous anarchy.

* * *

The following is taken from a recent letter sent by a soldier fighting in Normandy:

> I am alive, abroad, have been doing far too much since D-plus-1, and am not allowed to tell you where I'm doing it. I dislike bullets and loathe mosquitoes. Life isn't perfectly bloody, but I can't understand why not.
>
> I have helped a bulldozer to bury forty-seven cows which had been dead a fortnight. I have been sniped by a bloke with a rotten aim. I had an 88 land seven yards away yesterday in the open. I have been in more attacks than I'm allowed to mention. I once made the best roofed slit-trench (or doover) in France out of a cast-iron horse-trough; when the rain came the worst it could do was float. I have eaten half a pound of butter and a camembert cheese at a sitting, but only had the chance to do it once. I haven't seen wine since I landed, and am off cider for life. I disapprove of German mortars, German 210s, German Minnies and Germans. I love Poles, because when they desert from the Germans (which they do, constantly) they tell you where their chums have breakfast, and then you shell them. I have also had the ineffable pleasure of having desert to me, personally, a full-blooded German corporal with five years' service and the Iron Cross: AND he talked.
>
> I hate fighting in woods. I hate fighting in the open. I hate fighting. I am glad to be able to announce that we are fighting extremely well, and that the *Daily Express* looks like being a bit more accurate about the end of the war than it was about the start of it. I give it a month.
>
> It really isn't too bad a life, on the average. Quite big areas of it are good (a full belly, a drink, and a soft bed can make you very happy) and the bad bits don't last long. In the odd peaceful intervals I've got to writing again.
>
> I wish this bleeding war were over, but can't honestly claim that it's as bad as I expected it to be.

* * *

Seen this week on the radiator of an army lorry: "No leave, no babies."

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to H. C. Rogers.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Sobranie cigarettes. Black Russian 5/7 for 25. Ideal for funerals.—Advt. in tobacconist's window.

Brigand:—Lawless person, especially one of a band, in Southern Europe, who lives by waylaying travellers, stealing their property, and sometimes kidnapping their persons in hope of obtaining a ransom. The term is not applied to English thieves, whose methods are different.—From *The Universal Dictionary of the English Language.*

All classes of the community have their value in the make-up of a nation, but without the middle and upper classes the life of the working class would be far less happy than it is to-day—Letter in the *Daily Mirror.*

Why should the ingenious, and often beautiful art of camouflage be confined to the uses of war. A gasworks need be no less efficient because it has the appearance from a distance of a beautiful forest.—*Daily Mirror.*

AMATEUR LIBERATORS

My tank broke down in a small village in the Bocage country, and because of the fluid nature of the fighting we were the only Allied soldiers there for three days. We had a unique opportunity of seeing a French village's first reactions to Liberation without the restraint or artificiality evoked by occupying officialdom.

About nine o'clock there was a bustle of activity as the people began returning. First they hurried to their shops, surveyed the broken windows with amusement—there was nothing worse—then hurried to visit their neighbours. Experiences were exchanged. Everyone, it seemed, had had a narrow escape or seen something amusing. . . . They came to inspect our tank. Each of them meticulously shook hands with every one of us before unloosing a torrent of questions about the campaign which, of course, I was quite unable to answer. I explained that I was only a corporal and my superiors had not thought it necessary to consult me on the campaign. But they were quite convinced that I knew much more and complimented me on my caution.

Suddenly someone asked about the Mayor. Immediately a group of men formed to go and get him. The chemist's wife explained to me: When the Germans first occupied the village they asked the Mayor to carry on as before. He agreed to do so as long as his conscience permitted it. This to the Germans was so much persiflage, and they didn't take him too seriously. He was 68 when they came, and all went well for two years, when they asked him to sign a decree of which he disapproved. He refused and the Germans brought pressure to bear, but he was quite unshakeable. So they put him in prison where he had been for two years. He was now to be restored to his position.

They returned with him quite soon. (He looked amazingly well, and one would never have guessed that he was 72.) He took up his headquarters in the hotel, and the two gendarmes reported to him ceremoniously. We had drinks all round.

During lunch two lorry-loads of German prisoners were brought in and parked for a little while in the market place. A shout went up; the people poured from their houses running towards the lorries. For a moment I thought they were going to attack the prisoners, but they were content to dance around them, shouting abuse and making those insulting signs which they do so well. Someone found a carefully preserved cartoon ridiculing Hitler, and this was quickly passed up to the lorry. A young boy picked it up, looked at it and smiled, then handed it to another prisoner. A third who had been arrogantly ignoring the crowd snatched the cartoon away and dropped it disdainfully to the ground. Then he very deliberately smashed the back of his hand across the face of the one who had smiled.

We were evidently considered to be the representative authorities of the Allies, for we were approached by a succession of visitors. The first were an elderly couple who wanted permission to travel back to visit their son. We sent them back to the nearest military police post. Then came a lady with a quite ravishingly beautiful daughter who completely upset my crew with her friendly smiles. The lady wanted to know if we had any news of her husband, a doctor, who had decided to remain behind in Caen during the bombardment, knowing how badly he would be needed.

Then with great ceremony our friend the gendarme brought to us the leader of the local resistance movement and five others. The leader was a large-boned youth of about 20 with a German bayonet and a brace of revolvers stuck in his belt and the tricolour brassard proudly on his arm. He told me that he had strangled a German soldier for the bayonet. He pulled out a revolver and waved it wildly, saying that he was now going to drag out some *collaborateurs*, some traitors, into the market place.

His second in command, a long, lanky, even younger, youth, was intoxicated with excitement. He was breathing heavily, his eyes rolled behind thick spectacles, and his right nostril twitched most unpleasantly. They both looked cruel brutes, but the underground movement grows in hatred and produces cruelty. They ran down the road brandishing their weapons.

They returned in less than ten minutes pushing three terrified women before them. One was about 65, grey-white hair and the ubiquitous shapeless black dress of the over-middle-age countrywoman; one was about 37 in a smart, colourful dress; and the other a girl of 16—very *chic*. They were grandmother, mother and daughter. The grandmother fell just in front of us and was jerked roughly to her feet and pushed on. She began limping, and my driver moved forward to her rescue.

My orders had been most explicit. Do not interfere with the French in any way. I held my driver back, explaining that we did not understand what was involved and must not interfere. He was unconvinced. "Well," he growled, "I'd like to see them try that in Liverpool."

The three women were now the centre of a crowd, and the youth with the twitching nostril climbed on a chair and made a speech. These women, he said, everyone knew as "Boche lovers." They were the worst kind of *collaborateurs*; they were traitors to France. It had been decided to mark them so that all Frenchmen everywhere would know them for what they were. He personally would take great delight in cutting their hair off. Scissors were produced, and the youngest was pushed into the chair and he began to cut her long hair close to the scalp.

The bystanders had divided themselves into two groups. The crowd round the women were wild with approval, laughing and clapping as the locks of hair fell to the ground. The other group stood on the far side of the square watching with enthralled disapproval like a censor at a *risqué* play.

The girl was pale and frightened but bore it well. She held her head high and gave the crowd little satisfaction. Only the grandmother could not restrain her tears.

A boy of about fourteen was enjoying this immensely. He caught my eye. "Good? good?" he asked in English. "Non," I replied, "*not good—c'est brutal et ce n'est pas juste.*"

It was thought then that I did not understand why this was being done. Several of both crowds took turns explaining the position to me. The grandmother owned a small *pension* at which German officers stayed, and by paying black market prices were fed on the best of the local produce which, because of control, was in short supply to the civilian population. The officers slept with the mother and daughter, paying the mother. About the daughter opinion was divided. Some maintained that the only difference between her and her mother was that she was higher priced. The more charitable said that with her it was purely a matter of "*le cœur.*" But all were agreed that she had been the mistress of a German officer since before she was fourteen.

Out of these explanations the real reason for the hatred of these women emerged. It was not that they had been friendly with the Boche—that was understood if not condoned—but that they had made a lot of money out of their friendship. The price of the mother's favours were variously estimated at 500 to 1,000 francs, and that made these thrifty housewives very angry—that and the fact that because of these women German officers had been well fed while the people were not.

But now many began to criticise the proceedings as hooliganism. If they were guilty of treason they should be tried. Anything else was not the democratic way. One woman reminded the others shrilly that the leader of the resistance was a ne'er-do-well, a waster who had never had a regular job, and during the occupation had done nothing but talk.

By this time the mother and daughter were shorn, their hair cut to a swastika, and another painted on their foreheads. They were made to stand on chairs and then paraded around the market square.

Now the grandmother was pushed into the chair, and the self-appointed barber came forward. I decided that, orders notwithstanding, I really couldn't allow them to disfigure a woman in her sixties. With some trepidation I moved into the centre of the circle and as inoffensively as possible removed the scissors from his hand.

There was a sudden hush, as the crowd expected trouble. The leader glared at me. Now my French is of the schoolboy variety, but an explanation seemed necessary.

"Elle est trop vieux," I said solemnly.

But yes of course she was old, but the sins of the children are the fault of the parents, and it was his duty to punish her was what I think he said.

"Non," I disagreed, and decided that a speech of some kind was unavoidable, hoping that the quick-witted French would gather my meaning despite the imperfections. I put it down here as I said it without any attempt to correct.

"Le guerre," I began impressively, "est mal, mais c'est pour les hommes, ce n'est pas pour les femmes. Les hommes le faisent et il faut qu'ils souffrent. Alors—vous—vous êtes un homme et vous êtes jeun et fort. Le Boche—il est jeun et fort aussi." By this time most of my audience were smiling, though I suspected more at me than with me. I struggled on. "Si vous voulez a combattu les Boche—bien. Il y'a beaucoup des Boches a cinq kilometres au sud—allez la!"

There was a roar of laughter at this in which the leader joined. Then he clapped me on the shoulder, and we all returned to the hotel for a drink. Grandmother slipped quietly away.

That night the near-by pocket of Germans mortared the village. Just before dawn a small boy came running to tell us that there were some injured in a nearby house. Immediately all the men in the shelter hurried to the scene. The first mortar had killed four people, among whom was the young leader of the resistance who had done the hair-cutting.

This shook the village badly. They were convinced that the Germans had heard of the hair-cutting episode and had retaliated. I tried my best to explain the improbability and difficulty of this and to convince them that it was a coincidence. The men, who, of course, had had military training, were convinced, but the women remained obdurate.

All that day the mortaring continued. One shell started a fire in a house on the market square and the village reacted immediately. From somewhere appeared an ancient hand pump and cistern which was kept filled by a bucket chain from the fountain in the square. The pump was manned by men, women and children, while the firemen—and my crew—dashed into the house and staggered out with enormous old pieces of furniture. In the end, as blazing beams were falling, I had to stop my crew, who seemed determined to kill themselves for a hideous chest of drawers.

In the middle of the excitement the two women whose hair had been cut off arrived to join the fire-fighting. They had scarves on their heads, turban fashion, and I thought they looked very smart. There was some awkwardness at their approach; a few people pointedly turned away, a fat shopkeeper said, "Bonjour, madame," affably. The majority were undecided about their attitude. A large grizzle-bearded man of about 50 settled the question. He shoved a bucket into Madame's hand with a kindly growl. She moved to the fountain and filled it, passing it to her neighbour. Her daughter took a place in the opposite line, and the chain began again. They had been taken back into the life of the village.

LIGHTS

Of all the things that people look forward to owards the end of a war, one of the chief, I think, s the return of light. The first word spoken t the creation of the heaven and the earth was "Let there be light"; and mankind has been on he side of light ever since. For a long time his nly lights were the sun, the moon and the stars —excellent illuminations of the original black-ut. There were, apparently, even in early times, men who liked the black-out, for it was reported a good many centuries ago that some men "loved darkness rather than the light." In Europe, how-ver, at least, there was no Apollo or Diana of darkness. The sun and the moon were defied as nemies of the darkness, and a star in the East nd a star in the North have been symbols of uidance to men for many generations.

Even so, human beings were never content with he majestic luminaries of the sky. The sun was o more than a half-time worker, sinking into leep in the evening like a tired child. The moon, with its waxing and waning, could not be depended on to lighten the darkness for even a month. Thick clouds as often as not obscured he stars. Hence it became man's endeavour to counter the capriciousness of the sun, moon and tars by creating new lights of his own that would nable the sun to shine in his bedchamber at midnight and a light less variable than the moon o show him home from a post in the street hrough an atmosphere of pitch.

I do not know enough about the history of rtificial light to be able to trace the gas-jet and he electric bulb to their origins. Prometheus, o doubt, was one of the early pioneers when, at reat cost to his liver, he brought down fire from Heaven. When once the first fire on the hearth had been lit, it was only a step to preparing the first rushlight. After this came the uses of oil nd wax. Torches and candles lit up the faces of princes as they feasted after battle. Who the first man was who read Homer at midnight is not recorded, but his doing so marked an epoch in he story of man's triumph over adverse nature. Since then we have advanced from light to brighter light till at present it is possible to look forward with some confidence to the abolition of darkness altogether. In a few years the arterial roads may be as bright at midnight as at noon, nd no one will need to spend an hour of the wenty-four in darkness either inside or outide his house except voluntarily.

To increase the light, to prolong the light, was certainly one of our earliest pleasures. The child oves not only sunlight and starlight but any light t all, from the candles on a Christmas tree to he light to be had from striking matches on a box. Give a healthy-minded child a box of matches, and it will experiment with it till you re lucky if it has not set the nursery curtains on fire. It is not that the child wants to set the nursery curtains on fire, but he likes to think hat the knob of the window-catch is a gas-jet nd he does his best to light it. I have helped in my time to put out fires that resulted from this t once artistic and scientific love of experiment.

Later comes the blessedness of the light that nables a small boy to read in bed. I spent many years with a candle by my bedside reading Sir Walter Scott till my eyes ached. Candlelight for eading by I should not recommend to modern Sybarites. Often I found myself so drugged with leepiness as I went on reading the minute print f Dickens that I had to close one eye in order o see the page. But excitement triumphed even ver sleepiness, and I continued reading till the candle had guttered to its end. An uncle, who used to share my bedroom when he came to town, was as avid a reader. He lay on his back, with a candlestick on his chest, and a book held behind , and never ceased reading till either the candle burnt out or he fell asleep. Yet, though he often ell asleep with the candle burning on his ribs, never knew him to set the bed on fire.

There was in the Victorian era a curious prejudice against reading in bed. In bedrooms the gas jet was almost always in such a position that anyone in bed could not see to read by it, or if he could, he had to rise from his bed to put it out before going to sleep. Until fairly recently most hotels also did their best to make reading in bed by electric light impossible. Fortunately in modern hotels there is usually a bulb over the bed for a late reader and a switch that can be turned off within reach of his hand. I myself should like always to go to sleep to the accompaniment of light—the light, not of gas or of electricity, however, but of a coal-fire flapping its flames and sending its reflections will-o'-the-wisping among the shadows on the walls.

On the whole, I think that man has done even better with his lights outside the house than with those inside the house. Street-lighting is a prosaic-sounding subject, but who that lived in the days of old-fashioned gas lamps failed to come under the spell of the lamplighter "poking holes in the dark," as Stevenson put it. Even under modern peacetime conditions the reflections of lamps in a wet street or on trees is charming, and the images of the lights in the Serpentine are one of the sights of London.

Lights are at their most enchanting in the neighbourhood of water. To see a steamer moving out to sea at night with its lighted deck is a pleasure that remains in the memory for a lifetime. A. E. saw lighted galleons in the evening trams in the Dublin streets, but, much to be admired though the Dublin trams may be, they cannot stand up to a comparison with the Liverpool or the Heysham boat after nightfall. Lights at sea are the best lights, as one knows when one sees the St. Ives fishing fleet anchored in the bay on a rough night with its constellation of lamps bobbing in the storm. How pleasant it is, too, by night to see the lights of a little town across water! How one longs to visit such loveliness! Yet if one went to it one would see scarcely anything but ill-built streets and a few public-houses. Probably, if the moth ever got to the star, it would find it a bleak place enough.

Our longing for light during the past few years, however, had about it very little of the desire of the moth for the star. It sprang less from a love of light than from an impatience of darkness as a boring inconvenience that some of us thought the world had got rid of for ever in 1918. For those who have not cats' eyes, London after dark —or, rather, during dark—became a city of dreadful night. In the street the kerb was as invisible as the flowers at Keats's feet when he listened to the nightingale; and in the early months of the war how many sober men fell over unseen sandbags or tripped over all sorts of improvised woodwork in the Erebus of the pavements. We walked along the flagstones in a torchlight procession of ghosts, carrying torches that showed just a little more light than the reflection of the moon on the head of a pin. To drive home in a taxi was to travel in a Black Maria through the land of the Cimmerians; and, though most taxi-drivers can see in the dark, I have known one of them to stop at the top of the tree-embowered street in which I live and refuse to go any farther, on the ground that if he went down the street he would never be able to find his way out again.

In the country dark nights are to be expected. None the less, night became doubly night in the country under the black-out. In peacetime it is a dead village in which no light shines in the dark through the curtain of a cottage window. Even chinks of light from the houses were guides to the traveller, as serviceable as the buoy-lights that on the blackest night mark the navigable channel at the approach to a harbour. The inn seldom showed an entirely dead face. When a door opened, a stream of light announced the continuance of cheerfulness within. Then came 1939, and at night, before men opened their doors to strangers, they stealthily put out all the lights as though to proclaim that they were inhabitants of perpetual darkness. How often I myself have had to tap my way home with a stick like a blind man along the hedgeless road through the common! Once I have stepped into a pond, and once I have been run down by a motor bicycle. In such a night the same thing more or less might have happened to Troilus as he made his way to the Trojan walls to sigh his soul towards Cressida.

It is no wonder that we who have lived so long under the oppression of darkness have looked forward so eagerly to the return of light. I remember how immense a pleasure it was on the night of the 11th of November, 1918, to dine with the blinds up for the first time for more than four years. I was in Littlehampton at the time taking a belated summer holiday, and to be able at last to show a blaze of light out to sea was to enjoy the elation of a released prisoner. We were released, it is true, only on ticket of leave; but, luckily, we did not know this. This time, I think, the restoration of light may not only be as triumphant but will last longer. There is no space for three interregnums of black-out in one century.

Y. Y.

TONY'S TURN

"*Miss Dickson and her friends (Beatrice Lillie, Nervo and Knox, Bing Crosby, Jack Buchanan, Fred Astaire) are doing more than all the Foreign Office can do to bring about international understanding.*"—Mr. Anthony Eden, August 31.

Tony opened the show last week
At the new Stage Door Canteen ;
Everyone crowded to hear him speak,
And stage stars filled the scene.
Tony gave an amusing chat
On the task of diplomacy,
But he thought himself he fell rather flat
Compared with Dorothy,
And Nervo and Knox and Bee.

The Foreign Office team is trained
To make world friendship grow—
The world is mildly entertained,
But they never stop the show.
Stars of the diplomatic stage
May wisecrack, dance and sing,
But still they don't become the rage—
They haven't got that thing,
Like Dorothy, Jack and Bing.

Tony can always raise a laugh
From Foreign Office fans,
But he isn't mobbed for his autograph
Like these comedians.
His name is quite well known, on tour,
His dates are booked ahead,
But his Foreign Press is sometimes poor—
He doesn't knock them dead,
Like Nervo and Bing and Fred.

Everyone clapped when Tony spoke
And clarified his views,
(The Foreign Office will have its joke)
But it wasn't exactly news.
Tony is having a good long run,
But few would not agree
That Tony's turn might be better done
By Knox and Dorothy,
And Jack, Fred, Bing and Bee.

SAGITTARIUS

"COSI FAN TUTTE" REVIVED

"It seemed that a considerable part of the audience was going to Munich to hear Mozart. For the last day or two everybody seemed to be muttering *Cosi fan Tutti*, an opera never given in England."—*Ave* by George Moore.

England was not the only culprit. The performances to which George Moore's Bayreuth friends were going were doubtless those with which Richard Strauss enlivened the turn of the century at Munich. Since then this masterpiece of Mozartian comedy has firmly held the Teutonic stage, but other European countries have been slow to follow suit. As for America, *Così fan tutte* was not heard there until 1922; "apparently," adds the erudite Dr. Loewenberg, unwilling to believe so astonishing a fact. I hope that the present lively and most enjoyable revival by the Sadlers Wells Company at the Princes' will complete the process begun between the wars by the Lyric, Hammersmith, and Glyndebourne, and plant this opera firmly in the affections of the English.

What has stood in its way? Certainly not the music, which is both witty and profoundly beautiful. I think myself that the queer title puts people off. Consider *Don Giovanni*: a far greater work, of course; but would it ever have achieved so universal a fame under its first title of *Il dissoluto punito?* In the original, *Così fan tutte* is a neat little tag, meaning literally: "Thus do all [women]" (Moore's slip gets the sex wrong!); but all attempts to acclimatise it in other tongues have failed. The 19th century objection was to the supposed absurdity of the libretto; many (and far more absurd) were the attempts to marry the music to an entirely fresh story. I have no space to discuss this question, but must refer the interested reader to an excellent defence of Da Ponte's libretto in Dent's book on Mozart's operas. With Dent's verdict I entirely agree; and as for Mozart's own opinion—the score itself is the best evidence of that.

In this masterpiece of artificial comedy Mozart often clothes farcical situations in music of a glowing and sentimental beauty. Consequently it demands on the stage not merely comic invention, but the nicest possible sense of when to be funny and when to refrain. The company at the Princes' has plenty of gusto; it would be idle to pretend that it is equally conspicuous for tact. Dramatically, the performance boils down to the usual English dumb crambo with a top dressing of style supplied by the producer. I don't quarrel with that (it's inevitable under present conditions), but I do question Mr. Sasa Machov's conception of the style appropriate to Da Ponte and Mozart. He belongs, unmistakably, to the restless school.

Marie Lloyd used to sing "Every little movement has a meaning of its own," and the restless opera producer (who has seen far more ballet than is good for him) is not content until every little figure in the orchestral score has a movement of its own on the stage. At the beginning and end of every scene two masked pages in black and white must come prancing on to pretend that the movement of the curtain is *their* work; a pair of Grecian *coryphées* pirouette constantly about the stage without the slightest provocation. The infection spreads to the singers, who are always going through complicated and pointless motions reminiscent of the Grand Chain in the Lancers, the only exception being Miss Joan Cross, a first-rate operatic actress, who never moves unnecessarily and when she does so provides a lesson in deportment to the entire company. Would that she had produced!

Miss Margaret Ritchie was somewhat overparted in the role of Dorabella, but Miss Rose Hill was a most pert and animated Despina—indeed, like most Despinas, a trifle over-pert and over-animated. Of the men, Owen Brannigan as Don Alfonso was the most successful; a little more of the *grand seigneur* and he would be still better. John Hargreaves sang warmly as Gugliemo, and Peter Pears, though a little off colour on the first night (is this valuable artist overworking his voice?), will be a capital Ferrando by and by. Kenneth Green's scenery was pretty and well above the usual operatic standard; but the scene-shifters must not be allowed to mar the divine beauty of the E major "Farewell" trio: a break between scenes would be preferable. All the ensembles were very well rehearsed, and the singers made a good shot at the rapid "dry" recitative, which is difficult in the English tongue but far preferable to spoken dialogue. In solo and ensemble work, however, they should sing out more; the craze for extreme refinement at the expense of volume is beginning to take the guts out of English singing, and will make for absolute inaudibility if the company should ever essay Covent Garden.

I have mentioned shortcomings which could have been avoided or can still be put right; but I cannot end without a word of gratitude for the labour of love that has restored to a doodle-battered London in the sixth year of war so enchanting a glimpse of vanished civilisation. Not the least happy feature of the occasion was the packed house full of enthusiastic young people. And they say the English don't care for opera. . . . DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Peer Gynt" at the New Theatre

This is incomparably the most exciting play now to be seen in London. It is more various than any revue, more packed with surprises than any thriller. To make *Peer Gynt* so immediately palatable considerable liberties have been taken with the text. The African act, for instance, has been made even more Shavian than the original. But the cuts and changes, however open to criticism, have resulted in a splendid entertainment. Mr. Tyrone Guthrie has made a pantomime holiday of the Trolls; his Boyg is too obviously made from the shadows of young ladies' hands waving scarves; Mr. Ralph Richardson is not harsh enough in the first act, and fails to reveal the identity of Peer through his transformations—and so one could captiously continue. Better, however, to give thanks for admirable acting and a lively, if too tenebrous, production. How wise of the Old Vic to inaugurate a repertory, how estimable of Mr. Laurence Olivier and Mr. Hannen to play small parts! (It would be interesting if at some performances Mr. Olivier and Mr. Richardson exchanged roles.) Some day we may hope that an English poet will make a translation of Peer Gynt that is worthy of the original: the new translation, when in verse, is apt to be painfully dactyllic, but unlike Archer's it is always lucid and often pointed. Peer's ride and his soliloquy over the onion are immensely impressive. Apart from all its poetry and wit the play fascinates because the moral is so little explicit. We are constantly stimulated, never openly instructed. We leave the theatre filled with wonder and exhilaration. Mr. Ralph Richardson's Peer is one of the finest and least mannered performances that we have seen for years.

THE MOVIES

"The Seventh Cross," at the Empire

"An American Romance," at the Prince of Wales

"Champagne Charlie," at the London Pavilion

Once again, the newsreel has it and people sit round the programme to catch another glimpse of crowds in the Champs-Elysées. Last week's "The Fall of Paris" and this week's tribute to the F.F.I. have given us perhaps the best story of the war. It was something that we had been expecting and every foot was precious. The call to action, the appearance of F.F.I. armlets, the barricades in the streets, the Nazi tanks nosing their way fearfully, a hand grenade lobbed from an upper window into a petrol lorry crawling below, snipers and red cross parties crossing the empty pavements: for anyone who has ever loved Paris these scenes must be unforgettable. Some three hundred cameramen, I am told, were there in the end to cover de Gaulle's triumph. From all this material we are allowed—twenty minutes! The ridiculous rule that no newsreel, whatever the news, can exceed its weekly ten minutes has never been made to look sillier than it looks to-day. Why not the whole story? In a couple of months' time, no doubt, the Battle of Paris, sifted and polished, will run to forty minutes or more, but by then the focus of excitement will have changed. Possibly we shall be enjoying then, in ten minutes, the entry into Berlin.

A few have complained that this is the wrong time for showing *The Seventh Cross*, a sombre thriller in which are seen good as well as bad Germans. The underground movement, it has been suggested, is largely a myth. Well, we shall see. But no one, I imagine, will deny that there have been Germans in concentration camps, some of whom—like Spencer Tracy in this film—have managed to escape. The date is given as 1936, and my only criticism of the truthfulness of *The Seventh Cross* is that in those days Nazis were still too busy making a good impression to flaunt the inquisition and the hue-and-cry as they do here. Apart from that, *The Seventh Cross* tallies with later accounts that have come out of Germany. For three-quarters of the way, this is a sincere and exciting story; and Spencer Tracy as the wanted man with no feeling left gives a queerly moving performance. There are excellent moments in the thriller tradition: when he cuts his hand on the wall, for example, and returns to his girl, to find she has married a uniform. And the artisan family, though American in idiom, conveys endearingly the change of heart in ordinary Germans wh begin by "having no politics." The weakness the film, which one feels towards the end, is th the action is rather slow and the climax, when comes, unemphatic. But this is a bit more than thriller, and only bigots will object to having othe feelings roused besides hatred of every Germa During the last war, it will be remembered, dach shunds, sausages and Beethoven came under th ban too.

The two and a half hours of King Vidor's *A American Romance* contains several films, from th story of a self-made immigrant (Brian Donlevy) t documentaries of steel mills, car manufacture an the high-pressure production of Flying Fortresse Some of these I enjoyed, and there were times when th technicolor, which plays havoc with landscapes an faces, came into its own. The final assembling of a iridescent flying fort staggers the eye and batter the ear, as it is meant to; by that time, though we had almost ceased to care. In the earlier phase while we were still fresh, steel mills roared an flamed; it isn't an improvement on the black an white documentaries—on *Steeltown*, for exampl in the American scene series—but it's "bigger. Donlevy nearly drops into the red-hot mass, so th all the colour that could be found was needed. H swaggers nobly through the whole outburst of Ameri can earnestness, boost, and sentimentality. The chie trouble with the film is that, despite his performanc the background gets out of hand. It tries to sa everything. Our own *The First of the Few*, inspire by somewhat similar feelings, was more restricte and personal, and a far better film.

Champagne Charlie is a film that lowbrow an highbrow, Mr. Agate and Mr. Whitebait, can enjo in unison. The songs, the drinks, the pork pies, th gas-jets, the music-hall interiors come from an ag when the Londoner was at the top of his form, an they made a musical as distinctively English as *L Million* was French. Cavalcanti proves, too, tha given the right atmosphere, our comedians ca retrieve their sense of comedy; Stanley Holloway Tommy Trinder, and Betty Warren romp home in style of the Eighties. Pretty sets, good story; all th the film lacks is a certain inspired tension. The rivalr of drinking songs between George Leybourne and th Great Vance could have been made wittier by editin and the same is true of the duel, parts of whic are very funny. I hope that Cavalcanti will fin disciples here as he has before in documentary fields

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

NO CELLULOID UTOPIA

SIR,—I am surprised that Mr. Dallas Bower is a such pains to dissociate himself from the "extrem left wing critics" of a private film monopoly, fo Mr. Bower once had the reputation of being pretty progressive himself. It is unfortunate that he shoul suggest that all the critics are on the same level a the first-year medical student; some of them hav been associated with the film industry continuously fo as long a period as Mr. Bower.

The report of the Films Council on Monopol receives no mention in his article. Why? I hav discussed the report with film people of the most widel differing views. All of them, whether they agree wit its conclusions or not, are unanimous in payin tribute to its thoroughness and its masterly presenta tion of the facts. If Mr. Bower has a case to presen against the report he should present it for the benef of all of us. The report does not advocate nationalisa tion; Mr. Bower ignores this and proceeds to hit ou at nationalisation, even dragging in such nonsense a nationalisation being an end to "free artistic endea vour." The Crown Film Unit, controlled by th Government, has enjoyed as much artistic freedo as Mr. Rank allows to those working for him.

The argument is not whether Mr. Rank allow artistic independence or not. No doubt it is ver wise for him to do so at the present time, althoug presumably this independence is only permitted films of which Mr. Rank approves. The real argume —and the one that Mr. Bower carefully avoids—

whether it is in the interests of the film makers and the public for one financial group to create and control a huge vertical combine of production, distribution and exhibition, and develop it in such a way that independents will eventually have to join the combine or go out of business.

The Films Council thinks that such a danger exists, and proposes certain measures of restraint on Mr. Rank and some control over the industry to enable it to function freely and to the benefit of the creative workers and the public alike.

These measures include legislation to prevent the large circuits acquiring more cinemas without Government consent, to ensure that a reasonable proportion of studio space is available for independents, and to create a State film distributing agency to operate at home and abroad.

The Films Council supports what many of us have been advocating for a long time—that a thriving British film industry can only be based on the production of a large number of medium price (not medium quality) films. The "luxury" productions of Mr. Rank could be justified if they are complementary to this policy, but if the British industry is to depend on a small number of very costly super films, taking up valuable studio space for inordinately long periods of time, then it is heading for another crisis.

Finally, may I remind Mr. Bower that the French film industry, prior to 1939 achieved an international reputation for high quality films, all made at a cost that could be recovered in the home market? A lot of money doesn't necessarily produce a good film, and if the source of the money should dry up or find other interests it will be Mr. Bower and several thousand others who will get more than they bargained for. Whichever way you look at it, private monopoly for a creative medium such as films is a bad thing, and when it gets to that stage the only sensible alternative is an increasing measure of public control.

Soho Square, RALPH BOND
London, W.1.

SIR,—Mr. Bower's picture of himself as a leader of an élite which, as a proudly dwindling minority, has alone seen the true light which should be projected on to the cinema screens of the world, persuades him to be both ungenerous and misleading in the presentation of his facts. His list of films made under the Rank banner is one of which we British film makers are proud. But they might equally have been made without Mr. Rank, since all of them are directed by technicians well known before the war. In arguing that he and his friends discovered that the real need of the time was that *Henry V* in colour should be presented to the world in 1945, he neglects to mention that the despised Government made, after he had left the M.o.I., such films as *Britain Can Take It* and *Target for Tonight*, which had a profound effect on the world in 1941.

But most of his argument is beside the point. Mr. Rank, we freely admit, is good to work for. He pays handsomely, buying the best technicians away from his more modest competitors, and gives a good deal of freedom to his directors. What we have surely learned in the last 3,000 years of known history is that a benevolent dictatorship is by far the most efficient form of government but that, owing to the frailty of man, it has never worked or remained benevolent. In good times Mr. Rank is generous: will he remain so in hard times? or will his successors, in the case of his decease, see matters in the same light?

The 1936 film boom is a recent and bitter memory with us. Then also there was freedom for directors: money was poured into films with the same abandon that can be observed in some places now. Technicians foresaw the crash: financiers did not. And when it came the financiers withdrew in panic and almost completely. Two-thirds of us film technicians were thrown out of work while a great leader of the industry retired to the Riviera to give an interview to the press in which he described the lesson as a "salutary" one. Those who were left at work earned very little money because the few employers were able to say, "take it or leave it." In a similar position Mr. Rank would now be in an even stronger position to dictate low salaries, but that our trade unions are now infinitely stronger too.

It is with these periodic disasters in mind that many of us make proposals designed to take some of the uncertainties out of our very difficult industry. The chief of these, as Bower mentions, is that studio space and facilities should be held publicly and rented to film makers, a case which has been fully argued elsewhere.

That the threat of dictatorship in this very powerful industry is serious is suggested by the fact that, as a technician who may at some time have to earn my living under the Rank umbrella, I regretfully consider it wiser to sign myself for publication,

"CINE TECHNICIAN"

CHILDREN OF THE CITY

SIR,—While deeply appreciative of your critic's remarks on *Children of the City*, I would have liked credit paid to the writer and director of the film, Budge Cooper. The working relationship between producer and director is a fundamental requirement of documentary film production, but it sometimes leads to the latter receiving less credit than the former. It is the producer's job to teach, to draw out the best in a director, to guide without undue interference, to make certain that a film speaks clearly its social theme. *Children of the City* is Miss Cooper's success; I was only the producer.

PAUL ROTHA

SIR,—In the course of his very complimentary review of the Ministry of Information film *Children of the City*, your reviewer has fallen into the all too common error of believing that because the film is not going to be seen by audiences in the normal entertainment programmes of the commercial cinemas, the number of people who see it is negligible. This is not so. Non-theatrical distribution to-day refers to a method of showing films that has grown during the war years to proportions undreamed of in 1939. True, in the case of *Children of the City* the film was primarily made for specialised audiences, as your reviewer says, but it will also have wide showing in programmes given by the Ministry of Information's mobile projectors (144 of them) which give shows in suitable halls all over the country. In addition the film will be available for borrowers from the Central Film Library. In 1943, over 18 million people saw films through this method of distribution, and this figure has increased in 1944. These are made up as follows:—

Special shows in cinemas (out of ordinary cinema hours)	2,082
Shows by mobile units	59,821
No. of films borrowed from Library	116,197
Audience for mobile unit shows	10,759,868
Audience for shows in cinemas	1,293,822
Audience for films from Library	6,000,000
Total audience	18,231,790

In 6–9 months a film widely shown in these ways is seen by 1½ to 2 million people.

J. D. GRIGGS,
M.O.I. Press Officer, Films Division

SELF-DETERMINATION

SIR,—You say that "the reabsorption of the Baltic States (seized from Russia during the last war) does not seem to you to violate any important principle."

May we ask whether you would condone the reabsorption of Southern Ireland? It was seized from England during the last war in much the same sense as the Baltic States were seized from Russia. The inhabitants took advantage of their conquerors' preoccupation to affirm their desire for self-government. The British Government recognised a degree of independence for Southern Ireland in the Treaty of 1922; the Russian Government recognised the complete independence of the Baltic States in the Treaties of 1920.

Dropping the analogy, may I submit that at least those important principles were violated by the Baltic reabsorption? (1) The principle of Self-Determination, so often affirmed by the Soviet Government and so grossly perverted—or would you deny this?—in the "elections" of July, 1940. (2) Freedom of conscience—or would you, remembering the Soviet broadcasts of 1940, deny religious persecution in the Balticum? (3) The sanctity of treaties. Among the engagements with the Baltic States violated by the Soviet Government were the Peace Treaties of 1920, the Pacts of Non-Aggression and the Convention of Conciliation of 1932, the Moscow Protocol of 1933, and the Pacts of Mutual Assistance of September–October, 1939.

One principle that has not been violated is that of the continuity of government. By reabsorbing the Balticum the Soviets claim continuity with the imperialist government of Peter. But reabsorption is, I think, your word rather than Stalin's.

High Common, J. HAMPDEN JACKSON
Wymondham, Norfolk.

[Russia's right to the Baltic States is as good and as bad as that of any great Power to rule over any national minority which has been historically part of its territory (however originally acquired) and which it regards as necessary for its security. This is not a great moral principle, but the alternative of attempting to apply self-determination to all national minorities would entail the inconvenience of breaking into fragments every Empire and most smaller Powers. "Independence" in the world to-day is relative; in the absence of any international system or European Federation, small States cannot defend themselves or fail to be Satellites of their larger neighbours. The Baltic States became German Satellites: they now return to Russia. The analogy with Southern Ireland is to the point. After centuries of conflict Eire won her autonomy but she remains dependent on Britain and within the Commonwealth. It is to be hoped that the U.S.S.R., which is also a federation, will grant a similar autonomy to the Baltic States.

On Mr. Jackson's additional points we are not concerned to defend all that the U.S.S.R. does. A 99 per cent. "Yes" plebiscite is not convincing, but we cannot argue, as Mr. Jackson seems to do, that it proves that the majority really wanted to vote "No"! We have heard nothing about this religious persecution. On the question of treaties our correspondent probably scores a point; but we presume that the U.S.S.R. would argue that the whole treaty structure of Eastern and Central Europe was upset by the war and that since the Baltic States have been used by Germany as bases, and Balts recruited for S.S. regiments, earlier treaties lapse. —*Ed.* N.S. & N.]

WINKING POLICEMEN

SIR,—A London magistrate wrote an article in the daily press the other day recommending a dose of winking by the police at minor offences. He points out that about a million citizens are summoned yearly. The burden of an increased list of offences is growing rapidly. One cannot show a chink of light or speak freely in public, and the most honest of us has been transformed into a daily law-evader. At any moment we can be prosecuted for an offence of which we have never heard, performed against our express instructions by some innocent person who is deemed our agent.

Surely, the winking of wise policemen, however, encourages a further dangerous disrespect for our formerly respected laws. The remedy is a standing body which can, with the consent of Parliament abolish obsolete Orders, as fast as delegated despotism pours out fresh Orders. AMBROSE APPELBE

MEDICAL SUPPLIES

SIR,—All who are concerned with relief work for Yugoslavia will be pleased to learn of the two new funds that have been started recently for sending medical supplies to the wounded partisans.

May I suggest that enthusiasm for a new committee should not obscure the work that is already being done? During the past few weeks, in consultation with General Velebit, large quantities of medical supplies have been bought in London by the Yugoslav Relief Society (46 Piccadilly, W.1) and are in course of transit for the benefit of the Army of Liberation.

The Relief Society exists for the benefit of all Yugoslavs, whatever their political attachments.

Richmond, Surrey. L. H GREEN

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Now that we no longer argue with them, the Victorian novelists have become rewarding. Like the ingenious people who bricked up the windows of their houses and painted false ones on the wall in their place, in order to escape the exactions of the window tax, these novelists shut out the light in many a room. And that room was usually a bedroom. But an energetic age thrives on its inhibitions, and now we have stopped arguing with the Victorians about sex and religion we can see how useful it was to them that they had the habit of making their minds up. They were a dramatic and a decisive race; and although we may dislike their habit of reading the ultimate destiny of man into the sectarian moralities and conventions of the moment, we must grant the enormous dramatic force this sense of destiny gives them.

In no novelist is this force so strong as in George Eliot, the most formidable of the Victorians. We can see her more clearly now than she was seen 40 years ago when the reaction against her awful solemnity set in. That mind bored our fathers whom it had importuned. To them she was an idol with feet of clay, and, what was worse, seemed to write with them. But she revives just because she had a mind, and a mind that was capable of judgment. Where the other Victorian novelists seem shapeless, confused and without direction, because of their melodramatic plots and sub-plots and the careless and rich diversity of their characters, George Eliot marks out an ordered world, and enunciates a constructed judgment. If we read a novel in order to clarify our minds about human character, in order to pass judgment on the effect of character on the world outside itself, and to estimate the ideas people have lived by, then George Eliot is one of the first to give such an intellectual direction to the English novel. She is the first of the simplifiers, one of the first to cut moral paths through the picturesque maze of human motive. It is the intimidating role of the schoolmistress. And yet when we read a few pages of any of her books now, we notice less the oppression of her lectures and more the spaciousness of her method, the undeterred illumination which her habit of mind brings to human nature. We pass from the romantic shadows into an explicit, a prosaic but a relieving light.

In the end a novelist's habit of mind is more important than his opinions are. All George Eliot's opinions are a bore. She is the worst of all Victorian bores when she is preaching to us about love, sin, duty, virtue and the rest, because she is a tutorial bore. I have been reading *Adam Bede* lately, and, like most modern readers and a few of her contemporaries, I have been shocked by her treatment of Hetty Sorrel, and have rebelled against the marriage of Adam to Dinah, at the end. It is impossible to believe anything a Victorian ever wrote about sexual passion, chiefly because, like George Eliot, they did not write about it at all, but wrote around it, making lugubrious or pious grimaces as they did so. A false window has been painted on. It is clear that George Eliot was punishing herself in this book and that Hetty Sorrel had to suffer for the "sins" for which, to her dismay, George Eliot was never punished. We rebel against the black and white view of life, and when we compare this novel with Scott's *The Heart of Midlothian*, where there are many resemblances, we are depressed by the decline in humanity that has set in since the 18th century. Humanity has given place to uplift and cruelty. We cannot read a book like *Adam Bede* without rewriting the main drama as we go along; and there are two points when, like children at the cinema, we almost shout stage directions to the author. When Hetty pushes Dinah away from her in the bedroom where Hetty is dressing up and dreaming her Bovary-like dreams, we see a jealousy which must have existed in their relationship, but which George Eliot ignores. That is one point. The other concerns Hetty's neckerchief which Arthur Donnithorne has stuffed into the wastepaper basket at the Hermitage out of Adam's sight. We, in our coarser way, expect a good deal more of that neckerchief. It is too good to throw away. It must be found. But no, it lies in the basket, for the Victorian novelist must not discuss the fact of physical jealousy or explore its consequences. He must not disclose the inflammatory fact that sexual intercourse has taken place in that room. And so the reader has no real reason to believe that Hetty has been seduced. Her baby appears inexplicably. The account of Hetty's flight is remarkable and much better than the corresponding episode in *The Heart of Midlothian,* but, with this exception, from Adam's fight with Arthur until Hetty's journey to the scaffold, the whole business of the seduction and the crime seems scarcely more than hearsay to the reader. The reprieve adds the final unreality.

Yet, such is George Eliot's quality as a novelist, none of these criticisms has any great importance. With the tragedies of Hardy, *Adam Bede* is among the great English novels of rustic life, and animated by that majestic sense of destiny which is fitting to novels of work and the soil. Majestic is perhaps the wrong word. George Eliot's sense of destiny was prosaic, not majestic; prosaic in the sense of unpoetical and not of dull. One must judge a novel on its own terms; and from the beginning, in the lovely account of Dinah's preaching on the village green, George Eliot sets out the pieties which will enclose the drama that is to follow. Her handling of the Methodists and their faith is one of the memorable religious performances in English literature, for she neither adjures us nor scarifies them, but leaves us a faithful and limpid picture of religion as a part of life. But, of course, when she wrote of the peasants, the craftsmen, the yeomen, the clergy and squires of Warwickshire, George Eliot was writing out of her childhood, from that part of her life which never betrayed her or any of the Victorians. The untutored sermons of Dinah have the same pastoral quality as the poutings of Hetty at the butter churn, the harangues of Mrs. Poyser at her cooking, or the remonstrances of Adam Bede at his carpenter's bench. In the mid-Victorian England of the railway and the drift to the towns, George Eliot was harking back to the last of the yeomen, among whom she was born and who brought out the warmth, the humour, the strength of her nature. We seem to be looking at one of Morland's pictures, at any of those domestic or rustic paintings of the Dutch school, where every leaf on the elm trees or the lines is painted, every gnarl of bark inscribed, every rut followed with great affection. We follow the people out of the hedgerows and the lanes into the kitchen. We see the endless meals, the eternal cup of tea; and the dog rests his head on our boot or flies barking to the yard, while young children toddle in and out of the drama at the least convenient moments. Some critics have gibed at the dialect, and dialect is always a bore; but when the great moments come, when Mrs. Poyser has her "say out" to the Squire who is going to evict her; or, better still, when Mrs. Bede laments the drowning of her drunken husband, these people speak out of life:

> "Let a-be, let a-be. There's no comfort for 'e no more," she went on; the tears coming when she began to speak, "now thy poor feyther's gone, as I'n washed for and mended, an' got's victual for him for thirty 'ear, an' him allays so pleased wi' iverything I done for him, an' used to be so handy an' do the jobs for me when I war ill an' cumbered wi' th' babby, an' made me the posset an' brought it upstairs as proud as could be, an' carried the lad as war as heavy as two children for five mile an' ne'er grumbled, all the way to Warson Wake, 'cause I wanted to go an' see my sister, as war dead an' gone the very next Christmas as e'er come. An' him to be drownded in the brook as we passed o'er the day we war married an' come home together, an' he'd made them lots o' shelves for me to put my plates an' things on, an' showed 'em me as proud as could be, 'cause he know'd I should be pleased. An' he war to die an' me not to know, but to be a-sleepin' i' my bed, as if I caredna nought about it. Eh! an' me to live to see that! An' us as war young folks once, an' thought we should do rarely when we war married. Let a-be, lad, let a-be! I wonna ha' no tay; I carena if I ne'er ate nor drink no more. When one end o' th' bridge tumbles down, where's th' use o' th' other stannin'? I may's well die, an' foller my old man. There's no knowin' but he'll want me."

Among these people Dinah's religion and their quarrels with her about it are perfectly at home; and George Eliot's rendering of it is faultless, no doubt because she had observed it all. English piety has always placed its chief stress on conduct and the guidance of conscience, and George Eliot, with her peasant sense of the laws and repetitions of nature, easily converted this working theology into a universal statement about the life of man. Where others see the consequences of sin visited upon the soul, she, the Protestant, saw them appear in the events of a man's or woman's life and the lives of others. Sin is not primarily a thought, or an act; it is, more grimly, a weakness of character leading to the act. To Arthur Donnithorne she would say, "Your sin is that your will is weak. You are unstable. You depend on what others say. You are swayed by the latest opinion. You are greedy for approbation. Not lust, but a weak character is your malady. You even think that once you have confessed your evil will turn out good." And to Hetty she says, "Vanity drove you to your crime." It is a bleak and unanswerable doctrine, if the preservation or perfection of character is the main business of life; psychologically useful to the novelist because it cuts one kind of path deeply into human nature, and George Eliot knows each moral character like a map. And this kind of moral judgment enlarges character by showing us not merely the idiosyncrasy of people but their type. Hetty is all pretty kittenish girls; Arthur is all careless young men. And here George Eliot makes a large advance on the novelists who preceded her. People do not appear haphazard in her books. They are not eccentrics. They are all planned and placed. She is orderly in her ethics; she is orderly in her social observation. She knows the country hierarchy and how a squire is this kind of man, a yeoman another, a teacher, a publican, a doctor, a clergyman another. They are more than themselves: they are their group as well. In this they recall the characters of Balzac. You fit Dinah among the Methodists, you fit Methodism into the scheme of things, you fit Adam among the peasants. Behind the Poysers are all the yeomen. George Eliot's sense of law is a sense of kind. It's a sense of life which has been learned from the English village where every man and woman has his definition and place.

I doubt if any Victorian novelist has as much to teach the modern novelists as George Eliot; for although the English novel was stabilised and became a constructed judgment on situations and people after she had written, it did not emulate her present sense of law. Hardy alone is her nearest parallel, but he differed from her in conceiving a fate outside the will of man and indifferent to him. And her picture of country life is really closer to the country we know than Hardy's is, chiefly because he leaves us no notion of what the components of country society are. The English peasant lived and still lives in a milder, flatter world than Hardy's; a world where conscience and self-interest keep down the passions, like gamekeepers. It is true that George Eliot is cut off from the Rabelaisian malice and merriment of the country; she hears the men talk as they talk in their homes, not as they talk in the public-houses and the barns. But behind the salty paganism of country life stands the daily haggle of what people "ought" and "didn't ought" to do; the ancient nagging of church and chapel. All this is a minor matter, beside her main lesson. What the great schoolmistress teaches is the interest of massive writing, of placing people, of showing how even the minds of characters must be placed among other minds.

V. S. Pritchett.

AMERICAN OPTIMISM

The American Problem. By D. W. Brogan. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Whether the American is a mutation, a hybrid, r merely a perverse evolution from the English breed is an ever-fruitful topic for after-dinner conversation. Mr. Denis Brogan, in the course of his new book, an effort to explain the American to the English and the world to the American, propounds the theory that the American character is a product of long struggle with the arduous American climate. To an American who in his first months in London has overheard several British comments on the British climate, the theory has a piquant charm.

The process of mutual discovery in which we are all engaged has its constant surprises, both of unexpected likenesses and of unanticipated differences; and it is, of course, complicated by the reassuring fact that so many Englishmen and Americans fail to conform to any standard pattern. We Americans, perhaps, tend to generalise too sourly from our first experiences with the London telephone or too amiably from our first hours in British pubs; it is also possible that Mr. Brogan, although he obviously knows the American continent and its history better than most Americans do, may at times have tended to exaggerate the contrasts between the two branches of the family.

The ability of the Englishman to gaze backward while moving forward is one of the most consistent as well as one of the most deceptive of his traits; and the American tendency to shout that he is a new species, while following much the same course of evolution as his overseas cousins may at times be equally misleading. Mr. Brogan, some Americans will think, exaggerates somewhat the horrors of our climate and the singularities of our character.

If he speaks of the more fantastic patterns of our neo-Puritanism, one is tempted to remind him that the late Victoria was an English queen, and that it was an Englishman who gave us our precious word "Bowdlerise." If he sees in the rapid rise of young men in the republic a century or more ago a response to frontier conditions, one thinks of the younger Pitt. And when he discovers the roots of inter-war American disillusion in habits of mind created by the long American struggle with the forest and the storm, one may perversely recall the Oxford pledge and wonder whether American isolationism did not have much in common with the British mood of Munich, aggravated by the fact that the Atlantic Ocean, despite the airplane, remained wider than the English Channel.

Indeed, Mr. Brogan himself points out that some of what to-day appear characteristic differences between British and American life are of very recent origin. When Mark Twain visited England in 1867 he stared amazed at the tall, handsome buildings, the bright street lights, the conspicuous wealth and the technical advances of London. The idea that the American was a mechanical genius slathering dollars wherever he went had not yet been invented. In that day another climatologist might have attributed the forwardness of British industrial techniques, the wealth of London and the self-assuredness of its inhabitants to the molecular action of the London fogs.

National character, like the English public school, is a for-ever-changing phenomenon; nevertheless, it exists, and sometimes it persists. There is still something Elizabethan in the American ethos. We are brash optimists; as Mr. Brogan says, our history has made us so, and the Hamlets of our latter-day literature remain, consciously, dissenters. Century after century, we have faced West, turning our backs on the flesh-pots, the quarrels, the stratifications of Europe. If we have never quite realised our own romantic dream of democracy, nevertheless the bounty of the American soil, some magnificent oratory and a lot of hard work have conspired to keep us, in the main, what we call happy and some of you might think smug.

As Mr. Brogan points out, Thoreau was for once in tune with his continent when he said "I must walk toward Oregon and not towards Europe." Westward the sky has always been bright for us: eastward our sky is traditionally dark. That is our national mystique; and it is not unnatural that for many Middle Westerners the Pacific front is still emotionally "our war," and Europe still an alien battleground. Perhaps Mr. Brogan gives too much weight, in explaining our between-wars doldrums, to "propaganda." Much that happened in the period gave Europeans a not dissimilar excuse for escapism.

In this century, Mr. Brogan believes, Americans are beginning to learn, "slowly, inadequately, humanly," that "to walk towards Oregon is to walk towards Europe." I think that is true, and the next year or two, if they do not interrupt that lesson, should make the lesson convincing.

More deeply than most Englishmen realise, most deeply perhaps when we most sharply criticise England, we feel ourselves a part of an English-speaking family. And the language is more than verbal; it is poetry, it is history, it is common law and common habits of thought, shared experience.

Mr. Brogan calls U.S.A. "the most interesting country in the world," and our experiment in free government on a continental scale unparalleled. Obviously we think so, too. But it is an experiment which has its roots in English verse, character and tradition as well as in our forests and our hurricanes. We may be as different from the English as Mr. Brogan suggests, but I hope that the millions of young Americans who have been your visitors do not go home thinking so.

Lewis Gannett

THE DIGGER

Selections from the Works of Gerrard Winstanley. Edited by Leonard Hamilton, with an introduction by Christopher Hill. *Cresset Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

In April 1649 a party of thirty or forty men assembled at St. George's Hill, in the parish of Walton-on-Thames in Surrey, and began to dig the waste ground and plant vegetables. They were the Diggers, the followers of Gerrard Winstanley, who preached a gospel of agrarian Communism. The movement was short-lived; the expected recruits did not turn up; and though the Council of State dismissed the Diggers as harmless lunatics, the Surrey freeholders, rallied at the White Lion, Cobham, by Squire Drake and Parson Platt, soon made an end of their experiment. The little colony was sued for trespass; they were beaten up; their plants were destroyed; Winstanley's four cows (his livelihood but not his property) were carried off and so beaten "that the cows' heads and sides did swell, which grieved tender hearts to see"; the "little hutches, like calf-cribs" in which the Diggers slept were torn down; and within a year the movement was dead. Winstanley disappeared again into the twilight. The future was with the squire and the parson.

Readers of history, wearied or tickled by the antics of the puritan sects, must always be arrested by the story of the ephemeral Digger movement. Sympathy is the right of the persecuted; and it has besides a quality of simplicity and gentleness lacked by its more boisterous contemporaries. This quality is peculiarly the gift of its leader. Four years ago, in his full account of the movement, Mr. Petegorsky described Winstanley as a

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DENT

"forgotten radical"; but now his works are available in full, in Mr. Sabine's American edition; and the only complaint that can be made against this selection is that, by its omissions it conceals part of Winstanley's psychological development.

Winstanley's literary activity occurred in a period of social and intellectual ferment. He began as a religious visionary, but soon found that earth is more real than heaven, and, discarding the entire apparatus of doctrine, became a fierce Christian anti-clerical. "True religion and undefiled is this," he declared: "to make restitution of the earth, which has been taken and held from the common people, and so set the oppressed free." Any more metaphysical conception is "a fancy which your false teachers put into your heads, to please you with while they pick your pockets." And he speaks of clergymen (this was after he had met Parson Platt) "making sermons to please the sickly minds of ignorant people, to preserve their own riches and esteem among a charmed, befooled and besotted people." The vision which burned like a fire in Winstanley's bones, giving him no peace till he had led his little colony to St. George's Hill, was a social, earthly revelation of the unity of society. He conceived of the earth as "a common treasury," a garden watered by the fresh waters of life and liberty, but into which the original sin of covetousness, of buying and selling, the source of kingly power and social inequality, had introduced "the stinking waters of self-interest." Applying this interpretation to England, he found the original sin in the Norman Conquest; Charles I was the inheritor of Norman power; and his execution should entail the abolition of all "Norman" abuses, such as property, rent, tithes, trade, all traditional learning, and most of law. But this salutary purge of the national life had not happened.

> That top bough is lopped off the tree of tyranny . . . but alas, oppression is a great tree still, and keeps off the sun of freedom from the poor commons still; he hath many branches and great roots which must be grubbed up before everyone can sing Zion's songs in peace.

Delightful, of course; and beautifully phrased. Winstanley's pamphlets are full of such phrases. His simple, biblical style, with its fresh, rustic images, its burning, lyrical eloquence, reminds us of Bunyan. But I have a suspicion that the editor's principles of selection have not been quite pure; hence the disunity of the book. There is a tendency nowadays, especially among Marxists, to regard anyone who has pointed out that man lives largely by bread as a profound political thinker; and Mr. Christopher Hill, in his introduction, seems to me to claim too much for Winstanley. Winstanley is certainly an interesting phenomenon. In all social upheavals there are some who take the revolutionary programme too seriously and suffer thereby. Winstanley believed the promises of the puritan party, and found, when it was too late, that he had been deceived. The Anabaptists of Munster made the same mistake in an earlier revolution. Broken in fortune, disappointed in his hopes, he fashioned for himself an utopia; but he was not a serious political thinker, and to claim him as a forerunner of the Communists of 1848 and 1917 seems to me ridiculous. His ideal was a reactionary ideal of agrarian Communism, neither obtained by politics nor secured by institutions, in a world where agrarian society had already been finally defeated. The nostalgia of the defeated is a poor basis for political thought; Winstanley would have been more at home with John Ball and Piers Plowman, than with Marx and Lenin; and when he had failed, when he had disappeared from history as a comfortable farmer under the restored monarchy, it was not the pioneers of industrial Communism who rediscovered him, but the leisure of historians. Nor, if we read him now, is it for his message, or his arguments, but because Mr. Hamilton has enabled us to dip into his works, and his style compels us to read on.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

A MISCELLANY

Things Past. By MICHAEL SADLEIR. *Constable.* 10s.

This book, according to the description on the jacket, presents "a summary of the author's spiritual adventures." As so often we wonder whether the writer of the blurb has troubled to read the text. The book is a collection of the most miscellaneous writings, for the most part patiently exhumed from old newspapers. But if it contains little to interest the amateur of "spiritual adventures," it can be recommended to the bookish, and particularly to students of 19th century fiction. It contains much information about Miss Braddon's publishers, and offers good reasons for attributing to the youthful Disraeli two anonymous satires entitled *The Star Chamber* and *The Dunciad of To-day.* Unfortunately, Mr. Sadleir assumes the reader's familiarity with these two works, and gives no account of them beyond what can be useful for establishing their authorship. Modesty indeed is the conspicuous defect of these essays. Mr. Sadleir dwells upon bibliographical facts and gives us too little of his own critical judgments.

Thus he justly commends the later and shorter novels of Rhoda Broughton, but says disappointingly little about them, though a careful study of this neglected novelist would be most welcome. "Her endings," he declares, "are apt to be botched or scrambled; and the reason is that she was unwilling (or did not like) to carry her love-stories to the lengths of sexual irregularity which they obviously require." But this explanation does not apply, for instance, to *Mamma.* Here the authoress makes a brilliant portrait of an old lady who with consummate skill conceals her total selfishness. The unmarried daughter whom she has enslaved wins an unexpected admirer, and thus an admirable situation is achieved. Will the mother be able both to prevent the marriage and maintain the façade of sweetness? The reader exults in the prospect of her defeat. But Miss Broughton simply kills her off before she has learnt of the attachment; it is as if Shakespeare had made Desdemona or Claudius die of influenza in the third act. Yet here there was no sexual irregularity to be avoided, so that we are left wondering how a writer could so wantonly wreck the edifice she had so skilfully constructed.

Mr. Sadleir shows convincingly that Miss Braddon as well as Miss Broughton wasted uncommon gifts in order to meet the public taste, but he is always too easily seduced from such interesting critical comments into information about publishers which is of concern only to collectors. Henry Kingsley, Trollope, George Eliot, H. W. C. Davis, W. B. Maxwell, and Verhaeren are other authors he discusses. But the most valuable paper in the book is a study of the seven Gothic romances mentioned by Isabella Thorpe in *Northanger Abbey.* "Are they all horrid? Are you sure they are all horrid?" He analyses the varying nature of their horridness, drawing useful analogies from the sham Gothic architecture of the time.

> The ruin, the bristling silhouette, the flowing untidy lines of piled masonry became, in terms of emotion, "sensibility" and an elegant disequilibrium of the spirit. Thus were enthroned alike in visual and in ethical appreciation, ideals of luxuriance, of profuse ornament, and of a rather heady liberty.

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My *ville de province* is built on a sloping hill commanding unexpectedly, like the hill of Angoulème, a flat land of tillage. The hill is shaped like an elongated horse's hoof, high and steep at one end, sliding almost to plain level at the other. . . . This is the France I have come to find, the France whose kindly indifference will in a very short time heal the fret of months of a working life. Everything is as it should be. There are the untidy grass-grown tracks, the damp-stained plaster of the station buildings, the dusty lime trees in the square, the small iron tables outside the little café. A cheerful pigmy in a blue smock puts my bag on a barrow, and together we start up Gambetta toward the town.

Knowledge and feeling are happily blended, e come into pleasing personal contact with the thor, and have, for once, the privilege of sharg his "spiritual adventures."

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE MARITAINS

e Have Been Friends Together. By RAISSA MARITAIN. *Longmans.* 15*s.*

Madame Maritain's book belongs to a series ith the unpropitious title of *The Golden easure.* "It is our hope," the publishers rite, "that *The Golden Measure* books will rm a part of the library of those who love uth and beauty, who are anxious to understand e world and the problems of the present day d who are solicitous of all that is bound up ith the destiny of the human person." Instincvely at the vague complacent phrases, with hich we have so often heard an advertising man press his stifling reverence for the spirit, the viewer feels for the safety catch of his revolver, it he finds from the first page that Madame aritain's biography has nothing in common with ese gold-plated accents.

It is at first sight an amazing story: the Jewish hild living in the Russian village which lay under e remote accustomed shadow of the pogrom, ho becomes in a few years a Paris intellectual d the God-child of that profound unlovely old atholic prophet, Léon Bloy. If we had only the rst scene at Marioupol—the Feast of Taberacles, the floor strewn with leaves and field owers and all the house smelling of grass "like sunny meadow," and the last scene but one in e dismal Montmartre church, how should we construct the play in between? What a subject r the fervent melodramatics of the popular writer. Think what Mr. Louis Golding, for example, would make of such a story, and compare the natural gradation of Madame Maritain's narrative, written with an exactitude, a reserve and a subjective truth uncommon in the confessions of Catholic converts. In her narrative we can feel all the time the texture of events and observe how Marioupol and Montmartre are cut from the same cloth; we remember a papal reminder that Christians are "spiritual Semites"; the smell of the Crimean apples and the taste of pascal wine merge into the Montmartre incense.

No conversion, of course, at the time is without a sense of a painful break with the past; and Maritain himself for a while believed that to become a Catholic was to surrender his vocation as a philosopher. And philosophy, the search for philosophical truth, was everything to both of them. There is an unconscious pathos in the picture of the two young Sorbonne students walking earnestly through the Jardin des Plantes, arguing and worried about Truth and at the same time falling in love. Perhaps these pages—the young autumn of scepticism—have the greatest appeal in a book of extraordinary charm. How beautifully the Sorbonne professors are touched in: Victor Delbos, "an upright and profound spirit, yet whose colourless teaching gave the impression of a meticulously rendered perspective of beautiful ruins"; Lucien Lévy-Bruhl, "who taught the history of modern philosophy with a sadness and coldness which strangely impressed his students"; the pathetic figure of the blind Brochard lecturing to a classroom which contained only Maritain and one other student. "Well, gentlemen, what do you think of this idea of the Stoics? But answer me. Have you all become dumb?"

Philosophy, however, was not for the Maritains the final difficulty.

> In the apparent mediocrity of the Catholic world and in the mirage which to our ill-seeing eyes seemed to bind her to the forces of reaction and oppression, she appeared to us strangely hateful. She seemed to us to be the society of the fortunate of this world, the supporter and ally of the powerful, to be bourgeois, pharisaical, remote from the people.

Perhaps for once Madame Maritain has not chosen the right word. Nature alone is responsible for a mirage, but innumerable Catholics, laymen, priests, bishops and popes have fostered the illusion which Madame Maritain's book will help to dispel among those of a similar temperament, lovers of the truth and haters of injustice.

GRAHAM GREENE

The U.S.S.R. By S. P. TURIN. *Methuen.* 16*s.*

This new book by Dr. Turin, who is already known as a careful and reliable writer on Russian affairs, is a welcome change from many of the potted histories and descriptions of the Soviet Union. Unlike these, this survey aims not at proving any particular political thesis, but rather at presenting the available information and statistics about the economic life and social structure of the U.S.S.R. in a convenient and popular form. It is a useful short reference book for students or for those who for business or other reasons require detailed accounts of aspects of Soviet society. It would, for instance, be extremely useful in the upper forms of secondary schools and in universities, as a supplement to geography or history syllabuses which include contemporary Russia. It is divided into four parts; the first two deal with geographical, social and administrative matters; the third with Soviet economy taken industry by industry and then discussed as a whole; and the last part consists of some admirable technical and statistical appendices. It has the advantage of being based entirely on Russian sources—both pre- and post-1917—to which the author, himself a Russian living in this country, has resorted both critically and intelligently.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 762

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The usual prizes are offered for a poem of 24 lines in dialogue between a cad, a bounder and a bore, in which each defines, describes or justifies himself. Entries must be received by Monday, September 18.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 759

Set by M. Van Moppès

Competitors are asked to write in 200 words an English editor's foreword to the first English edition of Hitler's Memoirs eighteen months after the war.

Report by M. Van Moppès

Among the numerous contributions to this competition there has been a lot of speculation after Hitler's fate at the end of the war: suicide, lunatic asylum, refugee in Tokyo, Spanish monastery, imprisonment in a glass jail where the whole world would come and look at him, lavatory attendant in the historic armistice train of Compiègne touring through the liberated areas. Many readers see Hitler in South America. E. B. Edwell says: "Herr Hitler's present position—Counsellor for Education and Affairs in one of the leading South American States—by itself declares the continuing esteem in which his principles and methods are held." Elkan Allan in his foreword by Sir William Barnacle, M.P., writes: "They (the leftish) demand that he be torn from his well-earned rest in Buenos Aires, where his phlebitis is receiving very necessary medical attention. . . ."

Just as many imagine Hitler in England. A.B.'s entry could not be admitted, being more an interview of Hitler than a preface for his work. But there is some point in it.

FOREWORD

As an unfortunate prejudice against Adolf Hitler persists even now in certain quarters, I cannot do better than preface his memoirs with what he told me recently in his lovely South Down garden :—

"The Allies were a bit suspicious at first and I don't altogether blame them. But when I explained how Goering and Co. had made me act against my better nature, they began to see my point of view. What I like about you British is your sense of fair play. One could never teach cricket to a fellow like Himmler. . . . and now I have all I want—all I have ever really wanted—Mary and the twins, a little place in the country, my books and all this" (indicating the landscape). A dangerous note came into his voice: "And that's where some stinker wants to build a boot factory. You saw my letter? . . . The Pensions people might have been a bit more generous, but membership of the Brains Trust brings me in a little—and I'm not complaining." A far-away look came into his eyes. "After all it's the eternal values that count," he said.

A.B.

Many other contributions had to be ruled out, being in the style of a book review, a medical report, an echo in the gossip column or the advertisement on the flap of the book jacket.

Among these there would be an amusing idea for a film in Leslie Johnson's story:

"It will be remembered that, after the storming of Berchtesgaden, the victors were confronted by no fewer than twenty-three persons, of superficially identical appearance, all claiming to be Adolf Hitler. Each one had the familiar facial features and, what was more extraordinary, bald patches at the back of the head. Their voices were practically indistinguishable and neither finger-prints nor birth-marks served for identification, as any records taken during Hitler's previous incarceration had apparently been destroyed. Every claimant has been identified as the Führer by at least one high official of the Nazi Party."

Among those who succeeded are Lieut. H. C. Walker, Stanley Sharpless, Eugene A. Hunt, Ensa Bound, T. Naisby, who writes apologetically:

"Mr. Hitler had not the advantage of an English education; in his tender formative years he neither knew the sobering influence of fielding in the deep nor experienced the curative disciplinary force of Football Pool or Derby Sweep." Sir Robert Witt had the brilliant idea of writing the foreword by Winston Churchill and Stanley J. Sharpless impersonated Lord Vansittart.

I recommend that the prizes be divided between Sir Robert Witt, Blimp and L.E.J.

FOREWORD BY THE EDITOR, MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL

I am honoured by the invitation to edit the memoirs of Adolf Hitler. Was it due to our having so much in contrast—and something in common?

Our paths crossed, especially at the end, with some violence. He began life as a painter; I as a soldier. Later he became a soldier, I a civilian, with a taste for painting. I studied the art of war in the life of a great English General, Marlborough; he in the deaths of many German Generals. As I remember, his memory of his engagements, both political and military, was often faulty. He was an outspoken optimist and proved himself wrong. I anticipated and prepared for the worst, and in so doing also proved wrong.

Yet we had something in common. We were both impulsive, fearless perhaps to a fault, with confidence in our own intuitions. Each has known hours of triumph, as of defeat, though it so fell out that his triumphs and mine were never simultaneous. Each has seen the Parliament House over which he presided destroyed by fire, but I did not burn down his. We have both made offers to France, mine of marriage, strictly honourable; his, less honourable, to treat her as his mistress, though the real Mistress would have been the Master Herrenvolk. France has refused us both, but chosen me as friend.

SIR ROBERT WITT

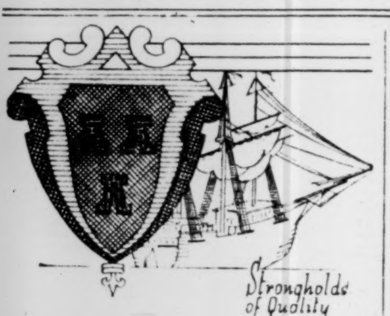
Now that the fog of propaganda, necessary doubtless in wartime, is clearing, the British with their characteristic devotion to fair play are reacting in most manly style against the hysterical view of Germany, a view, be it said, that some of the foreigners enjoying our hospitality have fostered for their own purposes. None of us will consider that the ex-Chancellor of a Reich has been blameless. The openness, for instance, of his distrust of the Jews and of his contempt for the French must offend an English taste. He admits himself in the memoirs that he has been writing in the Escorial (so magnanimously placed at his disposal by our gallant ally, the Caudillo), that in his attitude to this country he showed undue hastiness, and he explains that Ribbentrop was bribed by the Bolsheviks to mislead him about our strength. It was always his desire to achieve an Anglo-German alliance, for he never underestimated our moral superiority to the Latin and Slav peoples. And he now reveals his attempts to negotiate a reasonable peace with us, offering us, for instance, in 1943, as a guarantee of good faith, permanent possession of all the Channel ports from Dunkirk to Cherbourg. . .

BLIMP.

FOREWORD BY G.B.S.

Nothing but the imbecility of the British public could have induced me, in my ninetieth year, to write this Preface. But unless I tell that public how to regard these Memoirs, it is a hundred to one they will get hold of the wrong end of the stick.

The truth about the President of the Argentine National-Socialist Republic is that—apart from such bees in his bonnet as his dislike of Jews and belief in his own divinity—he is a very ordinary type of man. He is selfish, egotistic, mean, petty, revengeful and credulous. Most of us are selfish, egotistic, mean, petty, revengeful and credulous. Consequently there is no act or thought in this record



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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 755

Set by Flt. Lieut. Andrew Wordsworth

The usual prizes are offered for the most exquisitely grating passages of not more than 200 words of prose or 20 lines of verse in which competitors make use of the words they dislike most.

Report by Flt. Lieut. Andrew Wordsworth

I am sorry that this report is a month late. The entries travelled to France before they reached me in England. "About matters of taste you should consult those who have good taste" (Aristotle). Readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION largely agree in disliking the same words. "Neologisms are the Devil to me And clichés the Deep Sea" (William Bliss). And the Jargons, the words of little learning draped in pomposity: "The philosophic malnutrition of Nazi doctrinology will be liquidated as uncategorically as was an alphebetism in the Soviet Union under the Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist policy" (Max Fine). Wartime jargon: "We on the home front have many priority claims on our pockets—such as evacuees, refugees, billetees. . . . We can face up to the Doodle-bugs; they shall not get us down. Nay, we will get them down. . . . We will relieve the occupied co-belligerents, we will partition the collaborationists" (Katharine Dowling and Margaret Murphy). J. V. Bryant in a poem which would have won a prize for unpleasant *phrases* has folks, mug, batty, dibs. Verbicide gives: "Blackout, boloney, bung-ho, bash and bawl Bomb, blast and doodle-bug; oh, how I hate them all."

And refined words. Words that we hate through our self-protecting sense of social differences. Oh words of fear! Words of the kind of life which may at any time envelope us for a whole evening, for whole weeks. "It all commenced when my hubby failed to retrieve his denture in the toilet. So he had to keep his serviette up to his mouth all through breakfast, which made it so awkward when he was requested to pass the condiments. The wee bairns couldn't keep their eyes off him! I was in such a perspiration, I had to take off my corsets and put on my bathing costume." (G.D.). "Aren't I a naughty Auntie! I'll mop it up in a jiff with this soiled serviette" (A.M.E.W.). "I've got my mac and brolly and it's only a sprinkle" (Penelope Gibson). Entries in this genre were so many, so achingly horrible, so brilliantly funny that I can only thank some seventy competitors for the pleasure they have given me and say that the prize-winners hit the words I myself hate most. Yates Mason wins a First Prize of two guineas for a passage based on the jargon of gadgets and exquisitely packed with horrors of every sort. His *Instructions* plumb depths below Kafka, reach fringes beyond Betjeman. Three prizes of 14*s*. are awarded. Judy Lee, whose entry is condensed from seven years' research, and E. J., arrange their material most dramatically. Allan M. Laing must have a prize for a poem of jewelled craftsmanship.

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Mrs. Pettifer was just spreading her best table runner over the table of her Jacobean suite when there was a tinkle at the doorbell. Popping on her mules, she opened the door to find Mabel standing there in the dinkiest little navy two-piece and her hair set in the "Bubbles" style.

"Oh! Fancy you coming to see little me!" exclaimed Mrs. Pettifer. "I'm afraid hubby is out, but come into the lounge and have a nice sit down on the settee. We can have a real heart to heart—just you and me."

"What a posh little companion set you've got there," remarked Mabel.

"Yes, and how do you like our new modernistic mirror?" riposted Mrs. Pettifer, "We got it from the Co-op. It makes a nice change from those old-fashioned things, doesn't it?"

"That's what I always say," rejoined Mabel.

Mrs. Pettifer commenced to arrange queen cakes on paper doileys when Mabel said, "Excuse me saying so, ducky, but your princess slip shows just the teeniest little bit." Mabel rose.

"Well, I must be off now!" she said cheerily, "There's a war on, you know."

"Okeedoke," retorted Mrs. Pettifer, "Ta ever so for dropping in—Cheerie-bye." JUDY LEE

Ma was reclining in her corsets on a couch in the lounge, her costume, coat and denture, laid aside, while father had gone to the local to phone a chap about a cycle he had loaned him. The kids were commencing their tea of veg. and chips prior to going to the pictures, but Bertie who felt poorly had thrown aside his serviette in a tantrum. Pa also felt a bit seedy as he failed to contact his pal and had to face up to a long walk home. As he got back he heard Ma saying "Bye-bye" to the brats and it annoyed him when she asked if he had really given his chum a ring. He felt she was checking up on him, so he just murmured "Pardon" and retired into his den. E. J.

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TOYNBEE Music Circle, Toynbee Hall, E.1. Song recital by Joan Cross. Sept. 16th, at 7 p.m. Non-members 2s.

LONDON Philharmonic Arts Club, Fyvie Hall, Polytechnic, Upper Regent St., W.1. Thurs. next, 14th, at 6.30. Special tribute to liberated France, concert. Ravel.-Gaspard de la Nuit; Sonata for vln. and 'cello; Poulenc-Nazelle. Angus Morrison, Olive Zorian, and Norina Semino. Adm. free. Full partics. mbshp. Sec., 53 Welbeck St., W.1. (Wel. 1259.)

QUEEN Mary Hall, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Sun., 10th, 6.30. Hendon String Orch. Cond.: Roy Budden. Guest: Arnold Foster. Elgar; Foster; Warlock, etc. 1s. 6d.–3s. 6d., doors.

ANGLO-Austrian Music Soc., Queen Mary Hall, Central Club (Y.W.C.A.), Gt. Russell St., W.C.1, Sept. 9th, at 3 p.m. Engel Lund and Ferdinand Rauter. Folk Songs of Many Lands. 2s. 6d. Member and guests only. Members United Nations Forces and C. Defence (in uniform) as hon. members. Memb. 10s. p.a.

Exhibitions, Lectures and Meetings

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. French and English paintings, drawings, etchings, and prints. Hours 10–6. Sat. 10–1.

PETER Jones Gallery, Sept. 7th–Oct. 4th. Oil and water colours by G. W. Hooper. 1st Floor, Sloane Sq., S.W.1.

A NEW collection of Early English Watercolours now on view at Heals, 196 Tottenham Court Road.

SOCIAL Security Staff. Selection and Training Conference, London, Sept. 30th. Chair: Sir W. Beveridge. Details: Social Security League, 53 Bruton St., W.1. Mayfair 8554.

UNIVERSITY of London United Nations University Centre. Evening Lecture Courses at Univ. of London Club, 21 Gower Street, W.C.1. 6 p.m.–7.30 p.m. 5, "The Netherlands." Oct. 4th, "The Country and People." Oct. 11th, "Economic Bases of the Country's Existence." Oct. 18th, "The Netherlands Empire." Oct. 25th, "Political Outlook." Adm.: Course of 4 lects., 2s. 6d. Single lecs., 1s. Free tckts. to United Nations Service Personnel in uniform. Enquiries to A. Clow Ford, M.B.E., B.A., Dept. 3, United Nations Univ. Centre, c/o London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, Keppel St., W.C.2.

HAMPSTEAD Group—Left Book Club. "Politics in the Soviet Union." Jack Knife, Sec., Marx House. Sept. 13th. 8 p.m. 31 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6.

INTERNAT. Youth Centre, 30 Pont St., S.W.1. Sept. 8th, "Why We Fight." 2. The Nazis Strike. Sept. 15th. "Why we Fight." 3. Divide and Conquer. 8 p.m.

NEW Ideas in the Social Services. Social Security, The Health Services, Full Employment. 12 lects., Thurs., 6.30 p.m., begng. Sept. 21st. Mrs. Joan Clarke, Dr. J. A. Scott, Dr. E. F. Schumacher. Closing lect. by Sir Wm. Beveridge, K.C.B. (engagements permitting). Course fee 10s. Details Sec., Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1 (Wat. 6872).

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Meetings, 11 a.m. Sept. 10th: Prof. G. W. Keeton, M.A., LL.D., "The Beginning of the Sixth Year."

WRITERS on Writers. 7 public lectures, Tues., 6.30 p.m., begng. Sept. 19th. Edmund Blunden, J. Bronowski, Hon. Harold Nicolson, Stephen Potter, Kathleen Raine, Denis Saurat, Stephen Spender. Course ticket 5s. Details Sec., Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1 (Wat. 6872).

YOUTH House Club Lectures, Mons., 7.30 p.m. 11th, Dr. Curtis (Central Council for Health Educ.) "Health and the Citizen"; 18th to be arranged; 25th, Sir Stafford Cripps, "The Future of Parliamentary Govt." Programme Org. Sec., Youth Hse., 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1.

PUBLIC Lecture on Theosophy, U.L.T., 17 Gt. Cumberland Pl., Marble Arch. Every Sun., 7 p.m. Sept. 10th, "Spiritual Re-energization."

DEVOTIONAL Meeting, Bahá'í Centre, 1 Victoria St., S.W.1, Sept. 10th, 3.30 p.m.

Appointments Vacant and Wanted

None of the vacancies for women advertised in this journal relates to a woman between 18 and 41 unless such a woman (a) *has living with her a child of hers under the age of 14, or* (b) *is registered under the Blind Persons Acts, or* (c) *has a Ministry of Labour permit to allow her to obtain employment by individual efforts.*

YOUTH Educational Scheme. Organiser reqd. for Adult Educ. wk. among workers employed in C. Defence, munits., and Agric. Also to organise W.E.A. Youth Educ. Scheme in West Midlands. Appointment for six months only; sal. will be £300 p.a., commencing Oct. 1st. Pref. given to applics. w. exp. of W.E.A. wk. Should no-one suit. for all 3 types of work apply, wk. may be split into two part-time appointments: one for war workers, other for Youth wk. No applic. consid. liable for compulsory milit. serv. Applic. forms from E. J. Studd, West Midlands W.E.A. District Sec., University, Edmund St., Birmingham, returned by Sept. 18th.

SHROPSHIRE Education Committee. Walker Technical College, Oakengates, has full- and part-time day and evening courses for junior and senior students, both sexes, in engineering, commerce and general subjects. Applics. for Principal consid. from candids. w. engineering and scientific exp. and from those without technical qualifics. Univ. degree and educ. exp. neces. Sal. £650–£25–£750. Forms and further particulars on receipt of stamped add. envlp. Applics. by Sept. 30th. H. Martin Wilson, Sec. for Educ., County Bldgs., Shrewsbury.

APPLICATIONS invited for senior admin. post. Sal. up to £500 according to qualifics. and exp. Wide knowledge child welfare essent. Woman pref. Apply Sec., Nat. Council Social Service, 26 Bedford Sq., W.C.1., w. copies 3 recent testims., before Sept. 20th.

ESSEX Education Committee. Committee are preparing simple non-technical handbook about houses and housing for general educ. use; to encourage natural taste of children in design, decoration and furnishings; to link with teaching of other school subjects, partic. drawing, modelling and handicrafts. Prep. of this book involves investig. into teaching methods, syllabuses, and Committee prepared offer suit. person an appointment for 1 yr., giving him/her opport. to visit Schools and other places for the purpose, and to pay reasonable approp. expenses. Salary £300 p.a. for man; £275 p.a. for woman, plus war bonus. Applics. engaged in full-time teaching cannot be consid., nor would post be desig. under Teachers' Superan. Act, 1925. Applic. Forms (stamped add. envelope), retd. to undersigned by September 16th. B. E. Lawrence, Chief Educ. Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

WOMAN as Assistant Organiser wanted for Community Centre for transferred war workers. Expd. in dealing w. Women's and Children's Groups; able to assist with general supervision and admin. of catering, etc. Sal. accord. exp. to £300 p.a. Fullest applics. w. testims. to Sec., Corsham Community Centre, Corsham, Wilts, by Sept. 13th.

GLAMORGAN County Council—Hensol Castle Emergency Hospital, near Pontyclun, Glam. Applics. invited for appointments (2) of Occupational Therapist and Physio-Therapist at Neurosis Centre. Further partics. from Medical Superintendent.

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NATIONAL Peace Council urgently needs gen. office worker. Vital, interesting work. Applicns., stating remuneration reqd., to the N.P.C., 144 Southampton Row, W.C.1.

CIVIL Service Staff Association has vacancy in London for Junior Clerk (male or female). Pensionable post. School certificate a recommendation. Box 5297.

Y.M.C.A. has vacancies for leaders in its civilian wk. Applics. men of Christian convictions, w. some prev. exp. youth wk., not eligible H.M.F. Most appointments made by local committees. Com. sals., £250 to £300 p.a. Period of training provided. Apply in writing Persnl. Sec., Yth. Dept., Nat. Council Y.M.C.As., 112 Great Russell St., W.C.1.

SCHOOLMASTER or Mistress wanted for general subjects, to teach about 24 students in ideal surroundings (progressive), Sept. term. Secretary, Tacchomo School, North Curry, Taunton. Tel.: North Curry 207.

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ADVERTISER seeks collaborator in writing of text-book on Physics. Payment on immed cash basis. Reply in confidence, stating qualifics., and whether able devote reasonable time to composition during coming 4 months. Box 5212

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WANTED staff for officers' children's nursery, Somerset. Lady-Warden, cook, trained nurse, nursery-nurse and juniors. Priority service wives/widows. Child/children welcome. Keightley-Smith, 4 Cavendish Crescent, Bath.

WANTED Jan. Girls' boarding school, Surrey-Sussex border, History specialist. Training desirable not essential, wide interests, progressive outlook. Box 5235.

WANTED intelligent and companionable girl (exempt) to help young mother with 2 young children in country cottage by the sea. Interested in farming. £1 a week. Duncan, Morwenstow, N. Cornwall.

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INFORMATION dept., library, research worker seeks post with scope. Expd. bldg. prefab. research, here, U.S. Box 5309.

YOUNG man, 21, exempt, matric., copywriting, sec. and selling exp., typist, desires post, pref. journalism. Box 5320.

Appointments—continued

YOUNG Gentlewoman wants post in small school—Matron, Hospital exp.—where daughter 3 could be too. Nottingham/nr. preferred—definitely North. Box 5180.

MUSICIAN (25) and wife, keen intell. cert. teachers, trained & exp. music, art, craft, eng., P.T., want int. work Sept. Wife exp. land wk. Box 5261.

YNG. wmn., 28, expd. priv.-sec. & research-asstnt. (econs.), fluent German, some French, sks. int. post. Box 5259.

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MORLEY College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1. New session opens Sept. 18th. Evening classes for men and women in: Politics, Econs., Hist.; English language & Lit.; Theatre School; Philosophy & Psychol.: Sc.; Music; Art; Langs.; Keep-Fit, Dancing, Fencing. Lecture course on "New Ideas in Social Services." Fees from 10s. Details Sec. (Wat. 6872).

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ELOC. tchr. wants share unf. flat Ldn./outskirts, mn. line. Mod. conv. Mod. expenses. Musical/liter. people pref. Gros. 2847.

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JOSIAH Oldfield's New Book, "Healing a the Conquest of Pain" (Riders, 8s. 6d. from Fruitarian Society, Doddington, Kent.

LABOUR Monthly, 6*d.* Post paid 7 Annual sub.: Gt. Brit., 7s.; Abroa 8s.: from Publishers, 134 Ballards Lane, N. Sept. issue incls: The Crisis in German by a German Anti-Fascist; also articles b Palme Dutt, G. D. H. Cole, S. A. Dange Quaestor, Palmiro Togliatti, Chen Pai-Ta.

"NOTES On India"—Factual survey (pp.) of conditions in India, India relationship with Great Britain, to membe of scholastic profession, from India-Burm Association, 222 Strand, W.C.2.

Where to Stay and Restaurants

GREAT news! "Netherwood" Guest Hse. re opens for old friends. Brochure. Symond "Netherwood," Ridge, Hastings. Baldslow 1

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JAPAN'S DEFEAT—AND AFTER

For the second time Quebec becomes the hub of the earth. What Churchill and Roosevelt decide in the old French citadel beside the St. Lawrence will govern the lives of tens of millions of men and women, in factories and camps, on the sea and in the air, all over the world, for a year to come. Their talks might have been even more decisive if Marshal Stalin could have joined them. His absence, however, gives us some clue to the agenda of this meeting. The European campaign was sketched in its grand outlines long ago. The strategical plan goes so well that it calls for no modification. The material needs of the armies which are now encircling the Reich have all been satisfied. Everything that the Allies are likely to need in Europe, from planes and barges to boots and parachutes, is already manufactured. If Stalin is absent from Quebec, the main reason is that these deliberations turn round a war in which he is not as yet involved. For the present the war against Germany engages and even strains all Russia's resources.

We take it, then, that what will mainly concern the leaders of the two Western Powers at Quebec will be the strategy of the Far-Eastern war this winter, perhaps after the battle in Europe is won. There is little scope in a modern war for improvisation. The plan of campaign must have been worked out long in advance if the supplies are to be available that a given scheme of operations demands. It was wise of Mr. Churchill, always sensitive to transatlantic opinion, to fly to the New World for this purpose. His gesture may do something to convince Americans that this country is in earnest over the war in the Far East, and will throw its weight into it. We also have our losses and defeats to reverse. We have made ourselves responsible for Burma and the Malay Peninsula, to say nothing of India, while Canada, Australia and New Zealand are also Pacific Powers. For Britain, as for the Americans, the destruction of Japan's military power ranks high among our vital interests.

How far, when they have taken their strategical decisions, are the two Western leaders likely to go in exploring the politics of the Asiatic theatre of war? At Cairo they startled the world by stripping Japan in advance of all the imperial possessions she has collected during the past half-century. At Quebec it will not be easy to separate strategy from politics. China presents problems so difficult that the President has recently had to send two of his ablest lieutenants, Mr. Wallace and Mr. Nelson, to solve them. The feud between Marshal Chiang Kai-shek and the Communists still distracts the Republic and halves its available military power. Inflation renders good government impossible, while the tendencies towards personal autocracy and Fascism at Chungking depress the younger generation of progressives. The Chinese armies are so wretchedly fed that they have to give to foraging the energy that should go into fighting.

These distresses are aggravated by the feeling which the whole Chinese nation shares, in spite of its reticence and courtesy, that its Western Allies have done singularly little to help it. In spite of the hard-won victory of our troops in the recent campaign in Manipur and North Burma, that feeling persists. These operations, which engaged a quarter of a million of British and Indian troops, began as a campaign to open the Burma Road, were complicated by the Japanese counter-offensive against Assam, and left, unhappily, an ugly trail of misunderstanding behind them. Friction has been increased by the leakage into the American press of some far from flattering opinions about our government of India and the *morale* of our "mercenary" Indian army which the President's personal envoy, Mr. William Phillips, expressed in a confidential despatch. The feelings of Indians and Chinese are relevant factors in the strategical problem, which leaders of insight and imagination would not ignore. Both peoples are, as it happens, near the lowest ebb of their strength. The Chinese are exhausted by seven adverse years of war, while the Indians, sullen, defeated and torn by their sectarian divisions, have rarely felt, in their long struggle for freedom, so helpless and apathetic. But unless these two nations—and, with them, the other peoples of South-east Asia—can be induced to feel that our coming victory over Japan is also theirs, it will not bring to Asia the stimulus and hope it ought to bestow. If that is what Americans mean when they criticise our management in India, we are with them. We and they are equal partners in this tangled and anxious Asiatic problem, and for our part we welcome their concern in the Indian corner of it. What together we have to do is not merely to smash the Japanese military machine: we have in our joint keeping the reputation of the white man in his dealings with the brown and yellow peoples, who possess a civilisation at least as sensitive as our own and much more venerable.

There has been no evidence so far that either Mr. Churchill or Mr. Roosevelt is aware of this problem of leadership. Neither of them has said or done anything that suggests a wish to win the trust of the Asiatic peoples. No whisper suggests that anything of that kind is likely to come out of Quebec. What may be discussed, it is said, is rather the disposal, when the war is won, of several islands, most of them Japanese possessions, which are thought to be the strategical keys to power in this quarter of the world. America may wish to own or to lease these bases. The British Empire, in its turn, shows every sign of intending to recover Hong Kong and to re-instate its capitalist interests in Burma and Malaya. The effect on the Asiatic mind of such claims as these will not be happy. It is only too easy to interpret the pattern of power that seems to be emerging from the Dumbarton Oaks Conference in an imperialistic sense. Each of the three Great Powers equipped with its veto, its industrial potential and its irresistible air-arm, will have its own "region," which in effect it will police. It is quite easy to assign Eastern Europe to Russia, Western Europe to Great Britain and the American Hemisphere to the United States; but to whom does the Asiatic region fall? Unless Britain and the United States can agree on a Far Eastern policy which Russia and China are prepared to endorse, and which aims genuinely at the political freedom and social welfare of the colonial peoples of the region, there is a grave danger lest conflicts over